

# Sports Illustrated

JULY 9, 1962 26 CENTS

**GRETEL**  
INVADER FROM  
AUSTRALIA



## The history of the automobile from 1898 to \$1395

Louis Renault was 21 when he built his first car. That was in 1898. He built it all by hand and it took him 3 months to do it. Today we can turn out a new car every 14 seconds in our modern factory in Flins, France (pronounced "Flan" as in "France"). It's automated beyond belief; 400 spot-welds at a crack, that kind of a thing.

So what does all this automation mean to you?

Money. What costs us less to build costs you less to buy. A '62 Dauphine, for instance, has a p.o.e. starting price of \$1395. (The car in the picture below is a little more because it's a Dauphine Deluxe,

with all-vinyl interiors, foam-padded bucket seats, the works.) Buy a Dauphine and you get a car that gives you up to 40 mpg. It's got 4 doors, extraordinary in a car this size; a strong, unitized body, dip-painted so rust can't get at it; pert, fun-to-look-at-and-more-fun-to-be-in Paris style. And whether you buy a Dauphine, Dauphine

Deluxe, Dauphine Gordini, or even our luxurious Caravelle, you're protected by a 12-month or 12,000 mile warranty. Never in our 64 years of building great cars have we put more value into a Renault. See for yourself. See your Renault dealer, first chance.



# RENAULT



## New Wilson Staff ball leaps off the tee 40% faster than the speed of the club



Photo made with each micro-flash at one-millionth (1/1,000,000) sec.  
by Edgerton, Germeshausen & Grier, Inc., Boston.

# Hit the long ball!

This remarkable new Wilson Staff ball  
unlocks all the power in your golf swing



Every golfer strives for distance and accuracy in his game. And here are the four inner secrets that give the new Wilson Staff ball the life and power to leap off the tee 40% faster than you can swing a club.

### 1. The perfect center is liquid X2F

Wilson's exclusive X2F liquid core is sealed within a thin rubber wall, then frozen prior to the winding operation to stay perfectly round, perfectly centered.

### 2. A ton of pressure is compressed inside

Fine natural rubber thread, stretched ten times original length, is wound around the core to build 2,000 lbs. pressure per sq. inch. This reactive compression is the distance secret of the new Wilson Staff ball.

### 3. Thin "distance cover" is tough balata

Genuine balata cover is heat-sealed deep into the inner threads. Thin for distance, yet tough enough to take the shock of your boldest iron shots.

### 4. New polyurethane finish stays white for life

This new white material makes old-fashioned "paint" obsolete. Can't turn yellow—ever. Can't chip off because it flexes inseparably with the cover itself.



Sam Snead says: "You've got to be long off the tee to win the big money. That's why I play nothing but the Wilson Staff ball in every round." Sam Snead is a member of the Wilson Golf Advisory Staff.

The Wilson Staff ball is available  
only through golf professional shops.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

# Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago  
[A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.]

His  
first name  
was Joe....

*Schlitz*

The above is a Milwaukee engraver's version of the way Joseph Schlitz signed his name.

Jos. Schlitz did not actually found the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company. He married the widow of the man who did. But before he drowned in the Irish Sea, his name had been put on a beer so good that it has endured and prospered for 113 years.

All this time the same family that founded the company has directed the patient, prideful brewing of Schlitz beer.

And the beer has become such a familiar friend that no one thinks of the name as odd at all any more.

# Contents

JULY 9, 1962 Value 17, Number 2

Cover photograph by David Moore

## 10 Where the Girls Are

*In tennis at Wimbledon, golf at Myrtle Beach and track and field at Chicago, the girls step first and center*

## 16 Halos, Hopes and Belinsky

*With the prettiest bats in baseball and some good players under them, the L.A.'s Angels have moved near the top*

## 18 The Irish Colt Was Second

*An American horse won the Irish Derby, but the race was a smashing success for Ireland nevertheless*

## 20 Race Driving Taught Here

*Ex-Champion Carroll Shelby introduces a new wrinkle in motor sports: a school on the track for young hopefuls*

## 30 World's Strongest Boy

*A champion shotputter and weight lifter at 19, Gary Gobner may become the world's strongest man*

## 32 Harriman of Goshen

*Roland Harriman is starting's premier patron, and his track, shown in color pictures, offers quality racing*

## 54 Baseball's Babbling Brook

*Huron Haen writes about Mel Allen, "The Voice of the Yankees," a man who can talk the hide off a horse*

## The departments

- |                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 6 Scorecard      | 65 Baseball's Week |
| 44 Boating       | 66 For the Record  |
| 46 Bridge        | 67 19th Hole       |
| 49 Track & Field |                    |

10

16

18

20

30

32

54

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly by Time Inc., 140 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 10, Ill., except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Chicago, Canada and for payment of postage at cash U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in annual and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: special, SPI-SP4.

Acknowledgments on page 66

## Next week

**PUTTING** is the golfers' nemesis, especially the pros'. Putting is an evil that causes pain, panic and anguish. Writer Dan Jenkins gets the pros to lie on the couch and tell their troubles.

**THE U.S.-RUSSIAN** track meet is previewed by Tex Maule. He picks the winners of each event and forecasts the team scores. We should win, but the Russians are closing fast.

**A MAN-ROLLER** of a cycling race, the annual Tour de France covers 2,600 miles of torturous pedaling over plains and mountains in 21 days. Here it is in a magnificent color portfolio.



Three telephones in one...

## The new improved Bell System Speakerphone

A hands-free telephone, a conference telephone, a regular telephone—that's the new improved Speakerphone.

Hands-free... With a Speakerphone you can take notes, refer to records, get up and walk around your desk without interrupting the conversation.

Conference... By using a Speakerphone for conferences, you can make group decisions on the spot, avoid misunderstandings, eliminate the chance of someone missing a vital point. Everyone involved can talk. Everyone can hear the conversation at both ends of the line.

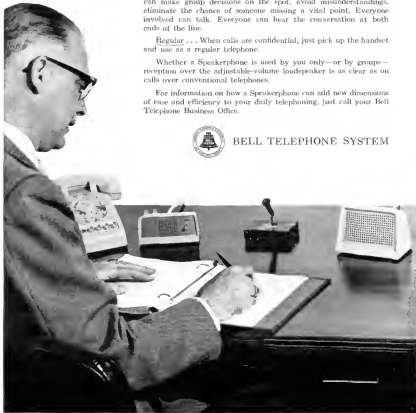
Regular... When calls are confidential, just pick up the handset and use as a regular telephone.

Whether a Speakerphone is used by you only—or by groups—reception over the adjustable-volume loudspeaker is as clear as on calls over conventional telephones.

For information on how a Speakerphone can add new dimensions of ease and efficiency to your daily telephoning, just call your Bell Telephone Business Office.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



# SCORECARD

## BIG FIGHT, BIG DEAL

The erasure of TelePrompTer from what promises to be the most lucrative prize-fight in history—the heavyweight championship match between Floyd Patterson and Sonny Liston scheduled for September 25 in Chicago—is a blow to TPT President Irving B. Kahn but not to the other participants. Fighters, managers and promoters now have a shot at a deal that protects against instant taxation and provides what every fighter needs—assurance of income after retirement. The winning bid was made by a new firm called Graff, Reiner & Smith, consisting of:

Sheldon Graff, 38, Beverly Hills financier, formerly a top representative of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, for which he wrote policies totaling millions of dollars.

David J. Reiner, 39, closed-circuit executive and engineer, who was previously affiliated with TelePrompTer in film presentations.

Martin W. Smith, 41, advertising consultant who worked with Reiner in the closed-circuit field.

Reiner and Smith approached Daniel A. Schiffer, 43, Graff's attorney, for advice on bidding for the ancillary rights to the fight. Schiffer immediately suggested Graff, "an enthusiastic sports fan," as the financial angel. A deal was made that Graff would handle finances, Reiner the technical aspects and Smith the promotion.

Their very attractive bid was a \$2 million guarantee or 85% of the gross from all ancillary rights—theater TV, radio, kinescope and movies—whichever was greater. They offered to pay \$300,000 down and the balance of \$1.7 million over the next 17 years. In the event of returns above the \$2 million guarantee they would continue to pay \$100,000 a year starting in 1980, when the \$2 million guarantee would run out.

The delayed payoff is, of course, a device to provide tax benefits and a form of old age insurance to those involved. Smith believes that the receipts will in fact exceed \$4 million.

After the Patterson-Liston fight the new enterprise plans to engage in other closed circuit TV projects with emphasis on industrial use of their system.

## BOX-OFFICE BEAU GESTE

Once upon a time a ballplayer's name day was an occasion on which fans showered gifts and cash upon a hometown athlete who pleased them. Baseball front offices then captured the idea and turned it into a promotional gimmick, conning businessmen into contributing largess in return for plugs. The sole prerequisite for the stunt is a local hero, but a team that is almost 30 games out of first place has no hero. Come August 17, in the ultimate of name-day absurdities, the New York Mets will therefore honor Stan Musial of the Cardinals.

If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. Who's next?—Willie Mays?

## PINACLE AT LE MANS

Domination of the Le Mans 24-hour race by Italian Ferraris continued last week for the third consecutive year. A Ferrari driven by Phil Hill and Oliver Gendebien won again and three other Ferraris were in the top five. The frantic rule-changing of the Le Mans authorities, presumably to encourage development of a car that can beat the Ferrari, was once again footless.

The authorities, indeed, seem much too capricious in their rule-changing and their interpretations of their rules. Over the years, they have made a boudillabasse of the rules, so complex that only they seem to know what is in the pot. Thus, Colin Chapman, the dashing young Briton who builds Lotus cars, had entered two new Elites in the grand touring classification and two new stripped-for-action racers in the so-called experimental category. The Elites did all right, placing one-two on what is called the index of thermal efficiency—a handicapped rating taking into account weight, distance run and fuel consumption. But the experimental Lotuses, though all their specifications had been submitted for approval last February, were not permitted to

compete. They were first rejected because front and rear wheels were not interchangeable. By flying to his factory and back, Chapman rectified the matter, but the Lotuses still were rejected because officials continued to insist that the cars were unsafe.

"The Le Mans authorities are so unpredictable," Chapman said, "that the race isn't worth the time and trouble."

That had nothing to do with the finishing to fight the Ferrari, of course, but one of this year's rules changes did. Maximum engine displacement was increased from three liters to four. Four-liter racers from Italy's once powerful Maserati factory and Aston Martin of Britain duly appeared. The trouble was that Ferrari had a nifty four-liter engine, too. It was this 12-cylinder number, fitted in an experimental open chassis, that powered last week's Le Mans winner.

## OF PARASANGS AND FURLONGS

More than 23 centuries ago a Greek writer named Xenophon—the one whose *Anabasis* made Greek so eternally dull to so many young students of the language—penned the first handy-dandy guide for beginning horsemen. *The Art of Horsemanship* (published by J. A. Allen, London), far more fascinating than the relentless record of parasangs marched in the *Anabasis*, has been translated many times, but perhaps never so



well as in its most recent reworking by Harvard's M. H. Morgan.

Xenophon's ancient observations and admonitions have a timeless ring.

One of his basic verities:

"Never deal with him [the horse] when you are in a fit of passion. A fit of passion is a thing that has no foresight in it, and so we often have to rue the day when we gave way to it."

Xenophon also offers pointers on how to avoid being cheated when buying a horse, how to handle him without being



hurt and how to groom and condition him.

"To conclude," Xenophon asks, "if a man buys his horses skilfully, feeds them so that they can bear fatigue, and handles them properly in training them for war, in exercising them for the parade and in actual service in the field, what is there to prevent him from making his horses more valuable than when he acquired them, and hence from owning horses that are famous and from becoming famous himself in the art of horsemanship? Nothing except the interposition of some divinity."

Living proof of Xenophon's adage is Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, the renowned Thoroughbred trainer, whose life is the subject of a book by Jimmy Breslin out this week (*Sunny Jim, Doubleday*). In it Mr. Fitz says of horse racing: "You're always lookin' ahead. Don't have time for anything that happened yesterday. That's gone. What's ahead is what's important. Makes livin' nice."

The nice life of the horse trainer appears to have been good for Mr. Fitz, who is aged 88, and for Xenophon, who lived to be almost 80.

#### ART OF TAXING WITH AN ANGLE

The Wisconsin legislature passed a 3½% selective sales tax last year and included sporting goods in its list of items to be taxed. Then someone in the tax department decided that angleworms, sold by small boys throughout the state at 10¢ a dozen, and night crawlers, going at 25¢ a dozen, were sporting goods. The boys, it was ruled, would have to pay \$2 for a peddler's license, keep monthly records, make monthly payments to the state and file annual reports either on a calendar or fiscal-year basis.

Statewide reaction among fishermen, small boys and parents might be compared to the Boston Tea Party. After a few days of agonizing reappraisal, State Tax Commissioner John Gronowski called the whole thing off. The ruling, he half-explained, had been made by a trainee.

"The worms are not taxable," he said. "It's a lot of nonsense."

Agreed. And the boys have gained some notion of what they will have to go through when they grow up to be adult businessmen.

#### THE INSIDE TRACK

• Owners of Jamon, France's great trotter, have turned down \$50,000 for his first foal, a colt named Samos. To avoid

continued



**SECRET AGENT** Tension, temperature and activity all step up your perspiration. Yet nobody need sense it when you use Kings Men deodorant—the extra-strength deodorant that checks and double checks perspiration problems hour after hour. Get first class protection with the quick stick or the sure-fire spray. Only \$1.

**KINGS MEN®**  
FIRST CLASS GROOMING AIDS



George James of the New York Times received the 1962 Grand Award and First Prize of the White House News Photographers Association for his Nikon photo *Loneliest Job In The World*.

# Only the first light Scotch can wear the GREEN STRIPE

Andrew Usher blended the first light Scotch in 1853.

His mastery of the blending art gave to Usher's Scotch a unique lightness and smoothness. So greatly prized was his whisky that other distillers followed Usher's methods.

But only the first light Scotch can wear the Green Stripe—the original Usher's, distilled and bottled in Scotland.

GREEN  
STRIPE



© 1982  
THE JDS. GARNEAU CO.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.  
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY  
86 & PROOF

## SCORECARD *continued*

European competition, they will not sell Jamin progeny on the Continent but will sell to an American if the price is right.

- Australian book makers have set 3-to-1 odds against their sloop *Gretel* winning the America's Cup race but with the expectation that odds will shorten to 3 to 2.

- Behind the unique August 14 American Football League draft, which will involve switching uniforms by 30 players, is an effort to placate television people, who complain of one-sided games. Strengthening of such weak sisters as Oakland and Denver is expected.

- Basketball as an Olympic sport is under a two-pronged attack. Some foreign countries would like to see it out, because of U.S. dominance, and certain AAU leaders would, too, chiefly because most American team members have enjoyed college athletic scholarships, an offense against pure amateurism. But so have most U.S. track and field stars.

## THE NONFISHING FISHER

Aside from chewing up ax handles for the salt that's on them and riddling the snouts of foolish dogs with their quills, porcupines wreak annual damage of \$1.5 million in the forests of the Pacific Northwest. They have recently undergone a population explosion because so many bobcats and cougars—who sometimes will risk a porcupine meal—have been killed to reduce predations on sheep and cattle. So, with fewer enemies to bother them, the porcupines have been almost unhindered in their work of girdling the bark from trees, thereby killing the trees.

Into this ominous situation now slithers the sleek, agile fisher, a nocturnal beast who looks very like a giant mink but is much less familiar to forest or nightclub. He is, in fact, one of the least known of the sylvan animals. Even his name is founded on ignorance of his habits. Trappers caught him in traps baited with fish and assumed that he fished. He does not. He lives on small game animals and some fruits, but most of all he dearly loves a feast of fat porcupine. He is, indeed, the only animal that consistently dines on porcupine. Therefore he may be just the fellow to take care of what lumbermen call "the skulking pine-pig."

He is faster in the treetops than any other North American mammal and he is so fond of the treetops that he is clas-

sified as arboreal. The treetops just happen to be where the porcupines do their worst. And the fisher is deft enough to kill a porcupine without getting himself a snootful of quills. He corners the porcupine in a cul-de-sac in the tree, then flips him onto his back and slashes his unprotected throat and belly. He makes it look easy.

If the fisher finds a porcupine on the ground, the porcupine will roll himself into a tight, impenetrable ball but the fisher outdoes the porcupine in patience and concentration. Sooner or later the porcupine unkinks himself, and the fisher, lying alertly beside him, flips him over.

Taking a cue from biologists who have reduced insect pests to tolerable populations by introducing other insects that prey on the pests, conservationists of the Northwest have been replacing the cougar and bobcat with the fisher. It's an expensive business. British Columbia trappers get \$100 per live fisher. Since January of last year 36 fishers have been set down by helicopter in the Oregon forests. No one knows yet how well they are doing but nothing much is expected for a few years. The fisher breeds but once a year and the female carries her young for 50 weeks, then drops a small litter of two to four kits. Fortunately, the porcupine breeds at a ponderous pace, too, carrying her single infant through seven months of gestation.

The entire project, therefore, must proceed in slow reproductive motion and any obvious evidence that depredations have decreased is unlikely for a few more years. So far, the experiment is just that but, if it is successful, fishers will be planted from northern California to British Columbia.

## THEY SAID IT

- Billy Goodman, Houston infielder, on the slow plane the Colt .45 took to Los Angeles: "That was the Bo Belinsky Bomber. It came in high at 5:30 in the morning."

- Les Beldast, University of Minnesota golf coach, on his return from the NCAA tournament: "We finished ninth in a field dominated by southern schools. It's about the same as a southern school coming up and trying to play us in hockey."

- Dizzy Dean, in the first inning of the 22-inning, seven-hour Detroit-New York marathon: "Yes, sir, fans, it looks like a long afternoon. One a them four-hour games."

END

# The Winners

"Sure. Though you need luck to win the U.S. Open, luck alone won't do. The distance hitters were out in force, but MacGregor's **DX Tourney** ball out-distanced them all 90 percent of the time. MacGregor made the DX Tourney to be consistent, too. Time after time on Par Five holes I was on the green in two and putting for eagles. Now you can see why I've used MacGregor equipment since my early amateur days. You can depend on the golf equipment MacGregor makes. Their **Tourney Woods and Irons** have years of experience engineered into them. Whether you're playing the professional tour or for weekend relaxation, use Tourney Woods and Irons—that distance demon, the DX Tourney ball and... go the way of the winners."

*Jack Nicklaus*  
U.S. Open Champion

Sold by Golf Professionals only

*MacGregor*  
THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF  
BRUNSWICK SPORTS  
CINCINNATI 32, OHIO



MacGregor Golf Equipment is another fine line of products from **Brunswick**—World Leader in Recreation

# WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

At times last week it seemed they were everywhere: on the courts at Wimbledon (all but the champ, who was dumped early); on the golf course at Myrtle Beach, working out the new pecking order; running and throwing in an international meet in Chicago. Results: happy times, some surprises

*In other circumstances, like if she was a boy, the guffawing girl of right might have turned out to be a pretty fair shortstop. She began her athletic career at 10 as a member of a championship team in the Long Beach (Calif.) Recreation Park Softball League. But her parents thought baseball was unladylike, so Billie Jean Moffitt became a tennis player. Last week, at 18, she became for a brief moment THE tennis player: the unknown who in her first match knocked Australia's top-seeded Margaret Smith out of Wimbledon. It was the first opening-round upset of a top seed in the old tournament's history. Billie, who plays tennis with the comical tenacity of an office girl bucking for the boss's job, had an easy explanation: "When I was behind in the fourth set I thought, 'At least you've gone three sets.' Then I thought, 'That's stupid. You must win.' " And so she did.*

*continued*

Brian Todd





## IN SOUTH CAROLINA, AN UPSET IN THE RAIN



*The country's best women golfers kicked up their spikes on soggy turf at their own National Open in Myrtle Beach. Surprise winner was 23-year-old professional Murie Lindstrom, who twists ecstatically (above) after chipping into the cup for a 64th-hole birdie and a lead she never gave up. Seattle's JoAnne Gunderson (right) was the best amateur.*



*continued*

*The established stars of the troupe, veterans like Mickey Wright, Louise Suggs and Betsy Rawls, were looking (and feeling) a bit frazzled at the tournament's end, but some new ones glittered brightly in the wetness. Shirley Englehorn (right), a pert, brisk 21 year-old brunette, overcame a first round 81 to finish sixth. Ruth Jessen (below), putting with her patented straddle stance, tied for second despite a stiff neck and a sore back.*







## A PRETTY POLE LOSES IN CHICAGO

*Janina Bochucinska of Poland follows her javelin as it arcs through the air. It fell to earth 146 feet 5½ inches away, only good enough for third place in the two-day, U.S.-Poland meet at the University of Chicago. Predictably, the American men beat the Poles (Al Oerter broke the world discus record) and, just as predictably, the Polish girls, aided by Janina's two points, topped the U.S. girls for the third time in a row.*



# HALOS, HOPES AND BELINSKY, TOO

Ranked as a second-division team in the American League before the season started, the upstart Los Angeles Angels have surprised everyone by clinging close to the top of the standings

by WILLIAM LEGGETT



SECOND BASEMAN BILLY MORAN ENDURED SEVEN MEDIOCRE YEARS BEFORE BECOMING AN ALL-STAR WITH THE LOS ANGELES ANGELS

All we gotta do," Dean Chance of the Los Angeles Angels shouted to his teammates last week. "It beat Roger Mustard and Mickey Mayonnaise and we can win this American League pennant." In the last month, as Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle and the New York Yankees have floundered and fumbled, the Angels of Los Angeles have become a big noise in the big leagues. "There ain't a soul who really believes in 'em," says

Dizzy Dean, "but they got everybody all shook up just the same."

By winning 27 of their 46 games since May 18 the Angels have played the best baseball in the American League and have clawed their way into a four-way pennant battle with the Yankees, the Minnesota Twins and the Cleveland Indians. "You'd have a real good chance to beat the Angels," says Cal Griffith, president of the Twins, "if they would

just stop swinging their darned bats."

The Angels, not yet two years old, don't seem to want to stop swinging their bats, using their good pitching and holding on by their fingernails. Organized in December of 1960 as one of two clubs to expand the American League to 10 teams, the Angels have suddenly become unwelcome hohoes in the AL's high-rent district. In 1961 they were supposed to be incapable of winning 40 games. They

won 70. The players made available to them in the draft were supposed to be rejects or retradees. Yet next week two Angels will be in the starting lineup of the American League's All-Star team.

The Angels have changed more than a little since December of 1960. They are still owned by a singing cowboy, Gene Autry; still have Walt Disney on their Advisory Board; still play Albie Pearson, a midget, in center field. But of the 28 players they started with in 1961, only 10 remain. Among the additions is something called Bo Belinsky, an aficionado of girls and pool, who has given baseball some of its most exciting moments and loudest laughs since Ring Lardner's marvelous rookie, Jack Keefe. But there is more to the Angels than Belinsky. They also have a slugging outfielder named Leon Wagner, who is leading the American League in home runs (23) and runs batted in (61). They have an excellent 23-year-old catcher named Bob Rodgers and the best second baseman in baseball this season in Billy Moran. They also have halves superimposed on their caps.

"I've never seen a ball club like this in my life," says Bill Rigney, the manager. "Even riding in the bus with them is an adventure. The hitting has been a huge surprise and the bullpen has been so good at times it's almost shocking." Perhaps the most shocking thing about the Angels, however, has been Belinsky.

"I've read enough about Belinsky the character," says Earl Battey, the fine catcher of the Minnesota Twins. "The story is that Belinsky the pitcher is something. He's won seven games, is third in the league in earned run average (2.79) and is tied for third in strikeouts. He's got four pitches—a fine fast ball, a curve, a slider and a good screwball."

"Yeah," says Bo Belinsky. "I got four good pitches. I'm not afraid of throwing any of them at any time. When I first came to the Angels I said that I could help them. I figured that if I won 12 and lost eight or something it would help them out real big. I think I'm gonna win 15 and that we got a good shot to win the pennant. A lot of people think I'm some kind of nut or something because of all the crazy ink I been getting. Sure, when I got out to California I went real Hollywood. There wasn't any reason

for me not to. I'm single and a big league ballplayer and there are a lot of girls in that town. I bought a Cadillac. [The Associated Press recently described it as "lipstuck colored."] Then I pitched a no-hitter and everybody went wild. I got in trouble for staying out late. The ball club fined me \$250 but I got \$105 of it back by hustling a guy in a pool hall in Kansas City.

"Last week I went up to Boston and the papers had a story on me. Something about the night-lights now comes to movies. I looked Boston over pretty good. The only bright lights they ever had in Boston was the lantern in the Old North Church."

#### **Belinsky and Co.**

The impact that Belinsky and Co. has had on baseball was perhaps best reflected on the Fourth of July in Prospect, Ohio. Prospect has a population of 1,067 and is the home of Bob Rodgers, the Angel catcher. A float, sponsored by the businessmen of Prospect, went through the city. On the float was a pitcher's mound, home plate and a screen behind the plate. Two Little Leaguers were wearing Angel caps. According to a reporter, "The float made its way down Main Street from the schoolhouse and on to Water Street and to its destination at Prospect Community Park." There wasn't a word about Bob Rodgers or Los Angeles on the float. Everyone in Prospect knows who the float was for. And everyone in baseball is beginning to know about Bob Rodgers, too.

Luis Aparicio of the White Sox knows. Four times he has tried to steal on Rodgers and three times he has been thrown out. The pitchers know too; Rodgers is hitting a strong .285 and getting more comfortable at the plate every day. "I first came up near the end of last season," Rodgers says. "All my life I'd been an American League fan and I used to make up my own dream teams. The first time I got into a ball game Billy Pierce of the White Sox was pitching. I couldn't move my arms or my legs when I saw him on the mound. I could hear everything that everybody in the ball park was saying and finally I swung with my eyes closed and hit the ball to the first baseman. I haven't been

nervous or afraid since. But don't you ever let anybody tell you that you don't sweat it out the first time in the major leagues."

Billy Moran has been the happiest surprise of all for the Angels. He is playing superb second base. He made only four errors all season and is hitting .300. "Last year," says Moran, "my wife and I decided that if we didn't do any good in 1961 that we'd quit baseball and try something else. I'd been playing for seven years and going to college since 1952 trying to get a degree. Last June the Angels called me up and I did O.K. They were good to me and so I stuck it out for one more year." Last week Moran was voted to the All-Star team.

Much of the Angels' power has come from Leon Wagner, their 28-year-old outfielder who holds his hat almost the way a child would. "I hold my hands about an inch apart," says Wagner. "I always have and nobody is going to change me. Last year I used to have these crazy thoughts that someday there would be an All-Star outfield with Roger Maris and Mackey Mantle and Leon Wagner. It was a silly thought. I'd have to be the 'out' man. But the players voted for me and I got my wish—Maris, Mantle and Mr. Leon Wagner."

"Guess the reason I been playing so good is that I don't let the pitcher work me. I'm working him. This fellow for the White Sox, Joel Horlen, he fooled me several times one day on curves and then my last time up he gets two curves over for two strikes. I know he can't come in again with the curve. I had him set up. He's got to come down Broadway with the fast trolley. Down he comes and I smile and slap the ball right out of the park and we win the game 1-0."

The Angels, for all their brilliant play this season, will probably not continue long as pennant contenders. The schedule calls for them to play the Yankees, Detroit, Baltimore, Chicago and Cleveland in 54 of their next 84 games and they have neither adequate enough fielding nor strong enough pitching to withstand such a schedule. They might even finish as low as fifth or sixth. Who cares? Without them, the American League pennant race would have been even duller than it usually is. **END**

—ANGUS BROWN

## THE IRISH COLT CAME IN SECOND

If all Ireland was disappointed that one of its own did not win the Derby, there was consolation in the fact that the race was a big step forward in international competition

by WHITNEY TOWER



**T**he Irish have a love of the race and of horses that is more genuine than that of any other people in the world. Last week it seemed that nothing was being talked about in all of Ireland except the Irish Sweepstake Derby, the richest race ever run in Europe. And on Saturday afternoon it seemed that everybody in Ireland was converging on the Curragh, the historic course where the race was

run, some 30 miles from Dublin on the way to Cork.

In point of fact, 50,000 were there, many times more than had ever attended a race in Ireland before. They arrived on a mild, warm day under overcast skies, brave and thirsty racegoers with fat wallets and firm convictions, ready to pay tribute to the animal they love best. At the Curragh they found only

one disappointment: an Irish horse was second, beaten by an American horse.

The winner by a head over Ireland's Arctic Storm was Tamhourine II, not only American-owned but American-bred. Third was the American-owned Sebring. Eight lengths behind the winner, in fourth place, was the favorite, American-owned and Irish-bred Larkspur, winner of the Epsom Derby last

LY BROS.



month. And trailing away over the rough turf were 20 other horses, the survivors of an original list of 627 nominees.

If the race seemed to constitute a major breakthrough for American owners, it completely failed to solve the perplexing question of which is the best 3-year-old in Europe this year. The four major tests—the French Derby, the Epsom Derby, the Grand Prix de Paris and now

the Irish Derby—have produced four different winners, and in this the European season has developed an interesting parallel to our own. Sir Gayford, Ridan, Decidedly, Greek Money and Jaipur have won our major stakes, and of this group only Ridan and Jaipur have shown any real consistency. Ridan, however, is currently preparing for some summer races in the Midwest against indifferent

**CURRAGH BOOKIES** had to pay off at 15 to 2 on U.S.-owned Derby winner, Tambourine II.

competition, while Jaipur has shown such an aversion to work that he has been sent back to George D. Widener's farm in Pennsylvania for a rest. Among the Europeans, the Grand Prix winner, Armistice, is not highly rated; many Continental experts consider the French filly

*continued on page 52*

by ROY TERRELL

## RACE DRIVING TAUGHT HERE

In a unique schoolroom at California's Riverside racetrack, ex-Champion Carroll Shelby and Designer Pete Brock show hopeful Phil Hillis how to put polish on the lead in their feet

It was an hour before noon, but already the heat rose in low, wiggling waves off the oil-streaked asphalt at Riverside International Raceway, sending the Box Springs Mountains in the background into a shimmering dance under the California sun. On a small bluff overlooking Turn No. 8, four men stood in a group, watching a small, sleek race car with a blue streak down its nose come whining toward them through the straight. As the BMC Formula Junior passed the first cutoff marker, one of the men punched a stopwatch.

The car began to angle into the corner, and the whine leavened as the driver backed off the accelerator. He braked and the car slowed. There was a quick hur-r-r-p as he downshifted into third. Then he was into the turn.

"He looks good," said one of the kiltizers.

"He's too fast," said the man holding the stopwatch.

Pete Brock has watched a lot of cars come into Turn No. 8 at Riverside and, as usual, he was right about this one. The front wheels angled in toward the apex of the curve, but the car refused to follow. It began to slide toward

continued

SHELBY SIGNALS STUDENT IN FORMULA JUNIOR RACER WHILE BROCK NOTES PROGRESS ON STOPWATCH-STUDDED CLIPBOARD



that's right!



## Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

Some filter cigarettes taste too strong—just like the unfiltered kind. Some taste too light—and they're no fun at all. But Viceroy tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste.

Smoke all seven of the leading filter brands, and you'll agree: some taste too strong . . . some taste too light . . . but Viceroy's got the taste that's right. That's right! That's right!



RENT A CAR  
FROM NATIONAL  
YOU CAN WIN  
A NEW FORD!



**RENT A CAR**  
**WIN A CAR**  
**!! CONTEST !!**

Every week—for 12 weeks—someone wins a new Ford! Renting a car from National Car Rental can be your ticket to winning a beautiful new 1962 Ford Galaxie. Starting July 1, National will award a new Ford each week for 12 weeks in this easy-to-enter contest.

National announces this contest to thank our regular customers, and to introduce new travelers to America's faster car rental service, designed for men who hate to

wait. Next time you rent from National—and enter this Rent a Car, Win a Car Contest!

**GENERAL RULES:** Next time you rent from National, pick up an entry blank and official rules. All you have to do is write a few words about National Car Rental Service. Contestants must have driver's license and be 21 or older. Contest begins July 1, closes September 29. Enter as often as you like at any National office. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality and aptness. Contest open to residents of all 50 states.





the outside of the turn, toward the flat scrubby grass that lines the road, farther and farther off the intended line. Then the driver, who a moment before might have been Phil Hill, suddenly began to look more like Aunt Minnie in a white crash helmet. In desperation he hit the brakes—and the little car turned into a top. The back tires lost all adhesion and broke away completely. The car spun around once, halfway around again and off the course. There was a large puff of dust, and then silence.

When the dust drifted away, all four men were standing by the car, peering curiously at the driver, who peered back from behind his goggles like a sheepish owl.

"I shouldn't have braked?" he asked.

"Not in the turn," said Brock. "You should have braked harder before the turn." He grinned. "If you had made it around, you'd have set a track record." He checked the car over quickly. "O.K.," he said, "go try it again."

#### A few basics

The driver and the three others standing with Head Instructor Pete Brock were students at the Carroll Shelby School of High Performance Driving, the first institution of its kind in America and one of the few in the world. Not everyone is fascinated by the problems of taking a precision-engineered automobile through a complicated racecourse at high speed, but if you happen to be one of the afflicted, this is the place to learn. In operation for a year, the school has already produced several outstanding sports car drivers and taught dozens of others enough of the fine points of racing to add a great deal to their appreciation of the sport.

"We're not trying to turn out professional racing drivers," says Shelby, who once won 40 of 46 Sports Car Club of America races in a year. "We're simply trying to teach the student something about racing technique. Heel-and-toe downshifting, proper braking. How a car performs in a corner. The proper line through a turn and how to figure it out. All sorts of things like that. We think that by concentrating on basics we can teach the student to drive faster and more safely and to have more fun."

Shelby is a tall, lean caricature of a Texan, with curly hair and a beard as quick as a Ferrari in second gear. Until his racing career was cut off in 1960 by

a heart condition, he was astute enough to continue driving in his famous old 53 striped overalls even after he could afford cashmere. As a businessman, he has built up a valuable racing-tire franchise and has just developed a new car, the Shelby AC Cobra (SI, April 30), which isn't going to increase Corvette sales a bit.

"When I was getting started back in the early '50s," he says, "I wasted at least two years learning the simple, basic things that someone with experience could have taught me in 10 or 12 hours. The sports car clubs have their own drivers' schools now, but look at the problem they face: 50 or 75 people trying to learn something one afternoon a month."

"Here," he says, "we keep the classes small, only three to five drivers a week, and we can analyze each one as an individual: what his potential is, his psychological problems, what type of car is best for him. I get six or seven letters a week now from ex-students, telling me about their experiences, asking me for advice on courses and cars, some of them applying to go through the school a second, even a third, time. I don't know when anything has given me so much satisfaction."

In the beginning Shelby planned to run the school 52 weeks a year, sharing instruction duties with his partner, Paul O'Shea, a former Mercedes driver who, like Shelby, was once SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S Sports Car Driver of the Year. Almost immediately he was booked up through October. But then O'Shea left, and Carroll found himself famously involved with developing the Cobra. The school cars, a D-Jaguar and a series of Formula Juniors, began to suffer under the heavy schedule. So Carroll cut the program back to one week a month, plus special weekend classes, substituted a Corvette for the D-Jag and hired Pete Brock, a former General Motors design man who had drifted west to become one of the outstanding young Class G modified drivers on the Coast. Now Shelby uses a Cobra in place of the Corvette.

"Pete takes the student through the first two or three days," says Shelby. "He's a lot better with beginners than I am. More painstaking. Then I try to handle the last couple of days."

The cost of instruction is \$50 an hour in your own car, \$100 an hour if you use school equipment. For the five-day course this means either \$500 or \$1,000. "It sounds like a lot of money," says Shelby, "but figure it this way. A guy races for a season, burns up several sets of tires at

continued

## Arvin®

### PERSONAL SIZE

HIGH  
PERFORMANCE  
PORTABLE

Model 629-48,  
Chestnut Leather  
8 TRANSISTORS

**\$3495**

See Best Price



- Big Velvet-Voice speaker
  - Smoothest tuning
  - Chrome Plated Case Custom Covered in Top Grain Cowhide
  - Station-seeking rod antenna built in
  - Automatic Volume Control
  - Complete With Earphone, Batteries, Long Shoulder Strap
  - Long, 200-hour battery life
- See the complete line of Arvin Portable Radios at your Arvin Dealers now!

## Arvin®

### PORTABLE SENSATION OF THE YEAR!



Model 6114 Chrome Finish **\$3995**

See Best Price

Supreme Performance  
8 Transistor Radio

The big favorite across the country!

Advancements found in radios that sell for as much as \$19 more!

- Exclusive Arvin A.S.F.—Automatic Speed Filtration
- Tuned RF Stage prevents noise and distortion
- Powerful Suprathermadyne Circuit puts in silent stations
- 2 position tone control
- Custom Covered in top grain cowhide
- Complete with batteries and earphone
- Standard "C" flashlight batteries, more than 200 hours life

## Arvin®

Arvin Radio Corp., Inc. JENKINS, MISSOURI

# Athletes Foot VICTIMS!

Don't try to  
**BURN OFF**

agonizing athletes foot  
with stinging medications!

## Soothe it away painlessly, block its return with new **QUINSANA Triple-Action POWDER**

- ① Frees feet from itch and pain. Medication quickly helps heal raw cracks.
- ② Destroys athletes foot fungus painlessly—never burns inflamed tissues.
- ③ Block return of athletes foot—use Quinsana regularly.



Don't burn open cracks or raw itching skin with painful liquids! Soothe away athletes foot torment with cool, Quinsana Powder. Itch stops. Cracks heal. Quinsana helps stop spread of athletes foot fast, blocks its return when used regularly. Kills odor-causing bacteria, too. So get new, cool

**QUINSANA by Mennen**

### RACE DRIVING

\$200 a set, and he still doesn't win anything. Here he can learn something about driving and make it worthwhile. If he's good enough, he can pay his own way.

The raceway is located in the little town of Edgemont, five miles from Riverside and 60 miles from L.A. The shriek of B-52 bombers taking off from March Air Force Base to the south blends in with the snarl of the racing cars. These are sounds that racing drivers love, and they show up for a typical school week early on a Monday morning, foot heavy on the throttle. Brock soon slows them down.

First he drives them around the 3.27-mile raceway half a dozen times in a battered old Chevrolet panel truck that serves double duty as a tow car and standby ambulance. "Before you attempt to drive a course you should study it," he says. "The best way of a lot is to walk it on foot. You'll see more that way and the fresh air will do you good." He points out that the convenient cutoff marker signs before each turn at Riverside are there only for guidance. "The point varies with each driver, each car, each speed," he explains, "and you may not want to use these at all. Use a boulder or a light pole, whatever feels right to you. Only don't use a girl in a red dress. She might walk 10 yards down the track between laps, and next time around you'll find yourself on the other side of the fence."

There is one very long straightaway at Riverside between Turns 8 and 9, and

here the Formula 1 cars, like the Grand Prix Lotus and Coopers, hit 180 miles an hour. The Corvettes used in the school will really fly through here, too, but Brock ignores the straight. "In racing," he says, "the turns are everything. A straightaway is a place to sit back in the seat and relax, to think about what you did wrong on the last lap and how you'll improve the next time around. Anyone can drive a straightaway. We'll concentrate on the corners."

And for a week you concentrate on the corners. The nine turns at Riverside do not resemble one another in the slightest, nor do they match the turns at any other course. But Brock points out that by learning to "read" a corner, by studying it and thinking the problems out, by driving it and testing it you learn something about all corners. And all corners on auto race tracks have some things in common.

"The secret on any turn," says Brock, "is not the speed at which you enter but the speed at which you come out. But in order to come out fast you have to go in properly and follow the best line through the curve. Basically, here is the procedure. You go in as fast and as deep as you can before you cut off. Then you brake, hard. While you're braking you downshift, to keep your revs up so that you will have as much power as you need to get out of the corner fast. Then you take the proper line, for that speed and that corner, and drive the car around as smoothly as you can. If you're too

*a continuation of*



BROCK TAKES TO THE BLACKBOARD TO MAKE A POINT ABOUT BRAKING ON TURNS



**They all bowled 300, except one.**

(But then, she couldn't relax with a cigar between frames!)

That's her excuse and it's a good one. There's something about a cigar that gives a man a lift. He lights up and his confidence surges. We once heard a loser put it this way, "I can beat the man but not the cigar." That's a little strong and we won't guarantee that you'll always win if you smoke a cigar. But we do know that you'll get more fun out of the game . . . *because the man who enjoys cigars enjoys life.* Cigar Institute of America, Inc.

## Even tough hides need Noxzema Medicated Lather



## The closer you shave the more you need Noxzema

Noxzema Medicated Instant Lather is a cream lather—extra-rich! It's the only instant lather medicated with Noxzema's famous skin-care formula. Lets you shave clean, cool and close—without irritation.

And Noxzema saves you money. It's concentrated—gives you far more lather per can. Try it! Also in Brushless and Lather.



Ordinary lathers can't hold up pencil, often let whiskers droop, too. So your razor snags and scrapes—irritates skin.

Creamy, rich Noxzema holds up your whiskers as it does this pencil. You shave clean and close without irritation.



slow, someone is going to pass you; if you're too fast—well, you'll find out about that as we go along. The thing to remember at first is to take it easy until you feel comfortable in the car and know the curve. Then you can begin to work on cutting down your time."

So Brock diagrams the curve and you walk up and down it, studying the problems. Then he drives through with you, if you are in a Corvette, or leads you through in another car if you are in the Formula Junior. Then he stands at the apex and brings you in closer and closer until you are on line, almost brushing his toe as you rear past. And you learn more each time you try it until you know that you have this particular curve whipped. Then you go on to another. And pretty soon it becomes easy, and you know that Fango and Hill couldn't beat you through there themselves. And then Brock says, "O.K., now we'll go back and try to go through those things fast instead of slow."

### Commencement

About the third day, when you are really driving into the corner and standing on the brakes and putting the ear around the turn with something resembling control, Shelby shows up. "Very good," he says, "but what if there are other cars on the course and you can't pick your own line? What if you have to start high or low? What if someone carries you in too fast? What if you find yourself skidding toward that fence or those hay bales? Then what are you going to do?" And he shows you, and you have to learn all over again.

When the course has been completed Shelby and Brock may take an especially promising student aside.

"Go back to your own region," they will tell him, "and race as much as you can. Get some experience in traffic. Then after the season come back here, and we'll teach you how to be a real racing driver."

As for the rest of the students, they leave happily, convinced that they are racing drivers already. In a way, maybe they are. Can you shift down through two gears while standing on the brake while setting a car up for a perfect line through a decreasing-radius corner that you can't even see because it is just over a hill? You can't? Well, that's a breeze for graduates of the Shelby School of High Performance Driving.

END



## ECONOMICAL

The Lincoln Continental is a quality investment. But its long and pleasant ride makes it a pleasure too. It's a pleasure investment. The Continental is designed to serve you long and out of trouble. Here are just two of the reasons why its resale value is extraordinary. It's simply a very economical purchase in the long run.

Another way to look for such saving is in quality. Here are a few examples. The entire body is formed into a single unit. Body rustproofing is applied inside and out. Then it is protected by four coats of baked enamel. Every part is tested. There are more than 2,000 separate inspections for each car we make, including 189 tests after each is built. Divide price

and the cost of maintenance by this extraordinary low depreciation of the Lincoln Continental. The result is a very economical car.

Unsurpassed quality makes the Lincoln Continental for 1969 the most valuable built in America. Lincoln value makes it your best investment for 60 to 70 years ahead. This automobile is up there for you, waiting for you as long as any other American car. (Two full years, or 24,000 miles)\*



**LINCOLN CONTINENTAL**

Product of GM Motor Company Lincoln-Mercury Division

\*Ford Motor Company warrants to its dealers, and its dealers, in turn, warrant to their Lincoln Continental customers as follows: That for 24 months or for 24,000 miles, whichever comes first, free replacement, including related labor, will be made by dealers, of any part which is defective in workmanship or materials. Tires are not covered. By the warranty, appropriate adjustments will continue to be made by the tire companies. Owners will remain responsible for normal maintenance service and routine replacement of maintenance items such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points and wiper blades.

# Firestone

## Your Symbol of Quality and Service

Nobody builds tires like Firestone, world's leading producer of rubber. Nobody tests tires like Firestone—and millions of punishing tire miles each year prove it. And nobody guarantees tires like the 60,000 Firestone Dealers and Stores across the U.S. and Canada. Look for the Firestone sign—it's your sign of an experienced man who knows your tire needs and tire service requirements best. It's your guide to guaranteed value wherever you drive!

To millions of motorists, Firestone means value—and with good reasons: Firestone leads the world in tire and rubber research, constantly meeting the challenge to make the best tires today still better tomorrow. And, for 62 years, this has been the Firestone way of building tires. In fact, no part of your car is more thoroughly proved than its Firestone tires. You can depend on Firestone Dealers and Stores, too, to back the Firestone guarantee wherever you drive across the continent. Next time you

need new tires, remember that tires are their business. They know what's right for you and for your car. Buy from them on convenient terms, or simply charge your purchase. *You know what you're getting when you buy Firestone!*

The Firestone Deluxe Champion, illustrated, carries a Guarantee for the life of the original tread against defects in workmanship and materials PLUS a 24-MONTH Guarantee against road hazards. Both Guarantees provide for replacements provided on tread wear, and are honored by 60,000 Firestone Dealers and Stores throughout the United States and Canada.

*Copyright 1962, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company*

# Stone







## THE BOY WHO MAY BECOME THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN

by TEX MAULE

The glowering young Hercules on the opposite page is Gary Jay Gubner, who is very likely the strongest 19-year-old alive. His thighs are as big around as Floyd Patterson's waist, and his waist is as big around as Marilyn Monroe's chest, although shaped somewhat differently. He is 6 feet 2½ inches tall and he weighs 270 pounds, almost all of it useful muscle. Two weeks ago in Walnut, Calif., he used these muscles to win the national shotput championship with a heave of 63 feet 6½ inches; back in April he lifted a total of 1,078¾ pounds to win a sectional weight-lifting championship, breaking national junior records in each of the three lifts in the competition.

Gubner did not, of course, attain such remarkable physical development by accident. He has always been big; he weighed 200 pounds and was more than 6 feet tall as a 14-year-old. "I was always the tallest or the next tallest kid in the class and I was always the heaviest," he says now. "I wasn't fat exactly, just big." At DeWitt Clinton High School in The Bronx he gravitated naturally to football. He took up the shot because the football coach suggested the players go out for track to keep in condition during the off season.

Gary became so condition-conscious that he spent most of his spare time practicing the shot in a vacant lot near his home, a short way from the uptown campus of New York University. One afternoon, Jerry Monkofsky, an NYU shotputter, noticed Gary at his practice.

"I used to see him putting the shot

and I used to think, 'Look at that stupid kid throwing in the empty lot,'" Monkofsky says. "We began talking one day, and I got him to come over to the NYU field to practice. I helped him with his form and put him on the weights, and we've been training partners and good friends ever since."

Under Monkofsky's influence and tutelage, Gubner gave up his twin hobbies of stamp collecting and raising tropical fish to devote all of his spare time to weight lifting and putting the shot. He gave up football, too, when he entered NYU; he had never particularly enjoyed the sport. "I don't care much for team sports," he explains. "You can play a perfect game, do everything right and still lose. I like to rise and fall by myself. No alibis."

With Monkofsky's help, Gubner improved quickly. In one season he set 15 consecutive high school meet records; he was soon putting the 12-pound shot so far that the gymnasiums would not hold him. During his senior indoor season he shattered so many gymnasium windows and light fixtures—once he knocked down a basketball backboard—that officials finally decided to move the indoor shot to an armory.

Last year, moving up to the 16-pound shot as an NYU freshman, Gubner became a 60-footer at the age of 18. He qualified for the U.S.-U.S.S.R. dual meet in Moscow when Dallas Long and Parry O'Brien decided to pass up the trip, then beat the Russians with a throw of 60 feet 7½ inches, which would be

child's play for him now. Later in the year Gary competed in the Maccabiah Games in Tel Aviv and brought back three gold medals—in the shotput, the discus and in weight lifting. Leaving out the discus, he could duplicate this performance in Tokyo in 1964, although it is difficult to reach a competitive peak in both the shot and weight lifting.

"I find that if you work at both at the same time, you progress very slowly," Gubner says. "You can't expect to divide your energy and attain maximum efficiency."

He uses extraordinary weights in his lifting training. In the parallel squat Gary puts 600 pounds on his shoulders, lowers himself about as far as you would to sit in a chair and then stands up again. In the prone press—which should be called a supine press, because the athlete lies on his back—he uses up to 450 pounds. He has lifted a little better than 400 pounds over his head and seems capable of handling more. In a normal week he puts the shot three days—50 times per session—and works with the weights for three or four hours on two more days. When track season ends he adds to his weight training.

"I think," he said after winning the national championship in the shot, "if I improve normally, I can do 70 feet in the shot before I quit."

Bob Hoffman, who owns most of the barbells in the world and is the world's authority on lifting, sees a bright future for him in that sphere, too. "He's our best hope," Hoffman says.

END

Goshen, N.Y., the county seat of Orange County, is a homely little town that's awfully pretty. It has hot, narrow streets cramped with ugly frame buildings, and a railroad track at ground level cutting a gash through the business section. But it also has a lush, shaded green in the heart of town that makes you forget the railroad track, and broad tree-lined avenues that make you forget the hot, cramped streets. And it has a harness racing track—right in the village, maybe 100 feet from the edge of the green—that makes you forget that any part of Goshen is anything but soft and quiet and lovely.

The track, called Historic, is a vestige, about all that remains active today of the virile world of the trotting

Harriman? Does he have any connection with Brown Brothers Harriman, the Wall Street banking house? There's a Harriman State Park in New York—would that mean anything? Wasn't there a Harriman associated with the Red Cross there for a couple of years?

E. Roland Harriman, 66 last December, is the youngest child of F. H. Harriman, he of the soupstrainer mustache and the Union Pacific, the man who fought James Hill and J.P. Morgan for control of the western railroads, the financial genius who was called a "robber baron" and who died in 1909 at the age of 61, leaving a wife, five children and \$100,000,000. E. Roland Harriman is the younger brother of W. Averell Harriman,

# Harriman of Goshen

by Robert Creamer

horse that flourished in Orange County a century ago. Read a history of American trotting and Orange County crops up the way Massachusetts does in a history of the American Revolution. Orange County was to the Standardbred what Kentucky is to the Thoroughbred—it was where the horses came from, and the stories and the legends. The famous mare, Goldsmith Maid, was an Orange County foal, and so were George Wilkes and Dexter and Electioneer and Dictator and dozens and dozens of others. So, too, was the most remarkable sire in the history of horse racing, the amazing Hambletonian, born little more than 100 years ago but already the dominant and direct ancestor of practically every harness horse now on American tracks.

Despite this rich history and tradition, harness racing all but died in Orange County—and in the country, too—and it survives as a vigorous sport today almost entirely because of the efforts of one tall, gray, handsome, pleasant, persistent, diplomatic, extremely wealthy and totally dedicated man named Edward Roland Harriman. He is in love—with trotting and with Orange County and with Goshen, or at any rate with what Orange County and Goshen stand for in the world of trotting.

Harriman? Harriman? E. Roland Harriman? The name is familiar, of course, but it's a bit hard to place him exactly. Was it his grandfather, or great-grandfather, who made all the money in railroads back before the turn of the century? Is he related somehow to Averell

the millionaire who left the Republican party to vote for Al Smith in 1928, who became an administrator in Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal, a wartime ambassador to the Soviet Union, Secretary of Commerce, Governor of New York and an aspirant for the Presidency of the United States. E. Roland Harriman is chairman of the Union Pacific Railroad and an active, working partner in Brown Brothers Harriman. Harriman State Park in New York is composed principally of land given to the state by E. Roland Harriman's mother half a century ago, shortly after his father's death. And if you look at the Red Cross card in your pocket you will note that it is signed by E. Roland Harriman, who is head of the American Red Cross and has been for over a decade and whose role in it, be assured, is neither honorary nor superficial.

E. Roland Harriman also built the Bear Mountain Bridge, the first major bridge to span the Hudson River and the longest suspension bridge in the world when it was opened in 1924. (A private venture under state charter, it reverted to state control in 1940.) He is also chairman of the Boys' Clubs of New York, an organization that Harriman's father founded in 1876 to help underprivileged boys in New York City. He also hunts—birds at Arden Homestead, his 800-acre estate in the Ramapo Hills not far from Goshen, elk at his ranch in Idaho; golf—he used to shoot in the 80s, and still has as a souvenir the card of a round he did in 78; fishes—mostly for bass in a small lake at Arden, mides—at Arden or in Idaho; raises dogs—he breeds English cocker spaniels at

continued



Arden and has won field trials with them, though he prefers to use them only for hunting, and walks—usually through the hills at Arden with a dog or two along, and a gun.

Yet for all the dogs and the fishing and the hunting and riding and golfing and Boys' Clubs and bridges and Red Cross and Brown Brothers and Union Pacific, E. Roland Harriman's pleasure is trotting. He began driving trotting horses when he was a boy, was an avid and successful amateur driver for many years and still occasionally gets in a sulky behind one or another of his horses and drives them in training sessions for his Arden Homestead Stable at the Historic Track in Goshen. Harriman's two daughters were

both first-rate amateur drivers, and his wife was a superb one, the first woman ever to drive a harness horse a mile in better than two minutes, which is roughly equivalent to running a four-minute mile. Harriman has owned such horses as Titan Hanover, Star's Pride and Florican, three of the finest trotters ever to race in the U. S. Titan Hanover set world records at 2 and at 3 and won The Hambletonian Stake, the Kentucky Derby of trotting, in straight heats in 1945. Star's Pride—which Harriman owned jointly with Lawrence B. Sheppard, honorary president of the U. S. Trotting Association—set a world race record for trotters in 1952 that still stands, Florican, in the first heat of that race, had the best first-heat time ever made by a trotter, only 1 second behind the world record. Star's Pride set a short time later. In 1958 two fillies tied the record. Titan Hanover had set as a 3-year-old; one was a daughter of Star's Pride, the other was a daughter of Florican.

Harriman's intense interest in harness racing had its origins before his birth, when his father, like other wealthy men of the day, began to buy and drive trotting horses. Owners like the elder Harriman (who paid \$50,000 for the stallion Stamboul in 1892) had trainers in their employ who would drive in important races, but the owners themselves would very often take the reins of their crack horses and "brush" them in amateur races. Most of this sort of racing was at "minuties," meetings held regularly on Saturday afternoons on tracks owned and maintained by amateur groups.

Roland Harriman grew up in an aura of harness racing. In Goshen, for example, there are two tracks, the Historic half-mile track in the heart of town and a mile track, called Good Time Park, out on the south side of the village. Reminiscing a few weeks ago, Roland Harriman recalled, "My father bought the old track on the site of Good Time because he wanted to straighten out a curve in the Erie Railroad, which he owned and which went through Goshen, and he wanted the property for that. But then he became so

interested in trotting that he decided to keep things as they were. He had previously bought the Historic Track. I sold Good Time to Bill Cane years later, and The Hambletonian was run there for over 25 years. It cost Bill a lot of money to keep it there, and after he died Yonkers Raceway, which Bill had had a substantial interest in, wanted to move the race down there, but the conditions of The Hambletonian cull for it to be run in the daytime on a mile track and in heats. Yonkers couldn't meet those conditions and it didn't want to foot the expense of keeping the race at Good Time. So The Hambletonian was moved to the Du Quoin fairgrounds in Illinois, and Good Time became a training track.

"There was a great deal of racing at Goshen in the old days, and my father loved it. I had a very warm affection for my father, though I stood in awe of him. I remember him clearly as a man who had no nonsense about him at all. But he was a wonderful family man. Whenever he went on a business trip he always took his family with him, the whole family, or at any rate whoever was available. I was in every state in the Union except two, North Dakota and Alabama, by the time I was 9 years old. He took my brother Averell and me on camping trips to Idaho, and one year when the doctors told him he had to take a rest—we all went with him to Alaska. He made an expedition out of it, he took an entire party of scientists and naturalists along, among them John Muir and John Burroughs, and we went as far as the Bering Strait. That was 10 years before Peary reached the North Pole.

"I remember one time when he had to leave on a business trip the day of an important race at Goshen. Just before the train left, from over in Jersey City, the word came that his horse, Emily S., had won the race. My father wrote out a message to Andrews, who was his trainer, saying congratulations on the victory. Then he put Andrews' name on it, wrapped it around an apple and threw it off the train as we passed through Goshen.

"I was driving regularly in minuties in Goshen by the time I was 15 or 16," Harriman went on. "but I rode horses before I drove them. My earliest waking memory is of riding. I was the youngest in our family by four years. My three sisters and my brother were all superb riders, and they were determined that their sixty little brother was going to learn to ride, too. I hated it. At first, anyway." He smiled at the memory.

"The first trotter I drove at the minuties in Goshen was a mare my mother had bred named Ousetta, and she was a quitter. She'd go well and then just give up. I had to learn to sprint with her from the start and get a lead and then try to hang on until the end. It worked. I won my first cup with



**Harriman's Mercedes has troter as radiator ornament.**

her, for most races won in the matinee season at Goshen."

Matinee racing was an obsolescent sport when Roland Harriman began to drive trotters in competition ("The automobile and I came in together," he says ruefully), but it was a charming obsolescence and great fun, and it thrived—on the surface at any rate—for another two decades or so. Every Saturday during the season Harriman and his friends would race at Goshen, enjoying the sun and the country air and the sight and the sound and the smell of the trotters, and the pure excitement of the sport. It was infectious, and Roland Harriman caught the trotting fever and never lost it. More than that, he became a carrier, spreading a love for harness racing to others, among them his wife, the former Gladys Fries of New York City, whom he married in 1917, the year he graduated from Yale.

"I never knew anything about trotters before I met the Harrimans," she said last month. "I had to learn in self-defense." "She's a much better driver than I am," said her husband. "I don't say that to be modest or polite," he added. "She really is." Mrs. Harriman doesn't drive any more, but until a few years ago she used to train horses at Goshen twice a week, and as late as 1950, 33 years after her marriage, she drove the filly Tassel Hanover to a world record.

It should be pointed out that there are almost as many world records in trotting as there are horses. Mrs. Harriman's mark, a valid one, was a world record for pacing a mile against time on a half-mile track by a 3-year-old filly. Less valid—or more esoteric—records include those for a horse hitched to a wagon instead of a sulky, for a horse teamed with another horse, for a horse teamed with another horse in tandem instead of abreast, for a horse trotting under saddle, and so on. Harriman claims that one of his horses, Guy Ozark, holds the flat tire record. The pneumatic tire on the bicycle sulky blew out as the race started, but Guy Ozark went the mile anyway and did it in 2.02. "It'll be in the record book someday," Harriman says cheerfully.

**R**oland Harriman's preoccupation with matinee racing coincided with his entrance into business with his brother—he and Averell founded a banking house which they later merged with Brown Brothers. Averell also drove trotters, until an asthmatic condition caused primarily by the dust forced him to quit. "He couldn't drive," Roland said, "but he could still ride a horse. So he made himself into a polo player. He's a remarkable man. Neither of us were natural athletes when we were young. He was tall and lean, and I was short and fat, and both of us were awkward. But he made himself into an athlete. He was an absolutely first-class polo player [he played with Tommy Hitchcock on the U.S. team that defeated Argentina in the international polo cup matches in 1928], and he's a fine skier. You know, he's a very shy man and always has been. There is nothing more difficult for him to do than to meet and speak to groups of people. But he makes himself. He made himself go into government and politics. I admire him. He and I are on opposite sides of the fence politically, but it's never caused the slightest difficulty between us." He chuckled. "Mostly, I suppose, because we never talk about it. Anyway, as I tell everyone, Ave is my favorite Democrat."

Those years, the 1920s—the Golden Age in other sports

—were the years of trotting's great depression. Amateur racing was still lively, but the professional sport was moribund. Purses were small, attendance was low and racing was confined almost entirely to small meetings at fairsgrounds. The various associations that claimed authority over the sport were constantly fighting with one another. Then, in 1923, *Willard's Register* and *Willard's Year Book*, annual volumes that printed detailed breeding and racing records that were vital to harness racing, stopped publishing. The sick sport was now in a chaotic state and in genuine danger of disappearing from the American scene.

Enter Roland Harriman.

Deeply disturbed by what was happening, he invited 20 or so of the top breeders and owners to a dinner at his home on East 68th Street in New York City, told them flatly that trotting was "going to hell in a hack" and suggested what had to be done to save it. The group formed the Trotting Horse Club of America, and soon afterward Harriman traveled to Chicago and bought the *Register* and the *Year Book*. He gave them to the Trotting Club, which assumed the responsibility of bringing the defunct volumes up to date, of publishing new volumes annually, of maintaining breeding and racing records and of issuing breeding certificates. The Trotting Club also took over the job of listing the entry fees and dates and conditions of forthcoming races at the various tracks each year, an important function in racing. It put up funds to support some of the traditional racing events and started some new ones. The Hambletonian Society, an organization separate from the Trotting Club, but similar to it in membership, established The Hambletonian Stake, which quickly became the most important trotting race in the country.

The Trotting Club helped to revitalize the Grand Circuit, that curious autonomous association within trotting that sees to it that choice racing programs are distributed equitably and in reasonable chronological order among the key member tracks, some of which are giants like Yonkers Raceway and some of which are as small as Goshen's Historic, whose grandstand has a capacity of something less than 2,000. Some Grand Circuit tracks had closed down. The Trotting Club helped them to open again, in some cases by subsidizing the meetings.

The Trotting Club, and particularly Harriman, began to work for the unification of the various trotting associations into one national organization. The vigorous Lawrence Sheppard, who was at that original dinner and who has been a driving force in U.S. harness racing ever since, says, "Harriman was responsible for the formation of the Trotting Club, and he played a leading role in the establishment of the U.S. Trotting Association. He was one of the instigators. He said it was ridiculous for several factions to exist, and that they should not be jealous and afraid of each other. His impact was tremendous. He loved trotting more than almost anyone."

One of Harriman's strongest supporters was William H. Cane, the tough-minded contractor from New Jersey who had built Boyle's Thirty Acres, the site of the Dempsey-Carpenter fight in 1921. Cane had become interested in trotting at the end of World War I at the suggestion of Dr. William Lyle, the Harrimans' doctor.

"Dr. Lyle was on the staff at Roosevelt Hospital in New

continued

York City," Harriman recalled, "and he got to know Bill there, though Bill wasn't his patient. 'A man like you ought to take up a hobby,' Lyle told him. Cane said, 'What would I do?' Or something like that. He was a rough old fellow, Lyle said, 'Trottin'. Why don't you go up to the country and buy a trottin' horse?' Well, Bill knew Orange County. He had driven from New Jersey up there behind horses with his father when he was a boy. So he went up and got interested and became one of trotting's most important men."

Harriman and Cane traveled thousands of miles all over the country and talked to dozens and dozens of people. "We'd get them to agree on something, and then they'd split apart again. Three associations dominated trotting. The National Trotting Association ran things east of Ohio and on the West Coast. The American Trotting Association had most of the midwest. And the United Trotting Association governed Ohio. They resented the devil out of us because we had the idea that the new association should represent all the people in trotting—owners, breeders, drivers, everyone—not just the track operators, who were the members of the existing organizations."

After a decade of effort, Harriman was ready to give up. "I was talking to Will Gahagan [a veteran trotting man who did yeoman work with the revitalized *Register and Year Book*], and I said, 'Will, those buzzards have split again. Let's forget the whole thing and go about our business.' But Will said, 'No. Let's have one final whack at it. Let's have a meeting and invite everybody who has anything to do with trotting.' This was in the late 1930s and we called a meeting in Indianapolis of the 'friends of trotting.' Two or three hundred people from all over the country came to that meeting, at their own expense. We talked and talked, and finally everyone agreed to agree. The old associations would disband and come together as the United States Trotting Association. It was decided to hold another meeting in Columbus, Ohio a couple of months later to draw up a constitution, and so forth. It was after that meeting that I received the greatest compliment I ever got in my life. This old fellow from North Dakota came up to me and he said, 'Mr. Harriman, I can't wait to get back to North Dakota and tell those fellows there that you're not the son of a bitch they think you are.'"

The USTA was formed just in time. Three events that occurred soon after each had a profound effect on trotting's growth, and if the sport had not had a national governing body to supervise and control harness racing in every part of the country the chicanery that almost certainly would have occurred might well have made boxing's dirty business look like penny-ante poker. A million-dollar gate is big stuff in boxing; in 1961, harness racing tracks contributed 60 times that amount in taxes to state governments.

The three big influences were the invention of the Phillips starting gate (the novel folding fence on the back of a car, which solved the age-old nuisance of the false start), the legalization of parimutuel betting in New York State and the establishment of Roosevelt Raceway in Westbury, on Long Island. It took about five years for all these things to coalesce, but by 1946 night racing at Roosevelt began to hum—and big-time trotting was here. Harness racing exploded in a wild surge of growth, led by Roosevelt and its

younger sister, Yonkers Raceway. In terms of attendance, betting, purses and tax revenue, harness racing in 1950 was 10 times as big as it had been a decade earlier, and by 1960 it had more than doubled again in size. Trotting was out of its depression.

**T**his very bigness both cheers and dismays Roland Harriman. "I don't object to anyone in trotting making money," he says. "After all, I've spent a great part of my life and a good deal of my own money trying to make that possible. Someone said to me that Yonkers and Roosevelt had saved trotting and ruined it. Well, that's not so. They've saved trotting and changed it."

"I like the people who run Yonkers and Roosevelt. They honestly and sincerely try to put on a good show. But it's very easy to forget that trotting is a sport and to think of it only as a revenue-collecting agency. That's why I objected so strenuously a few years ago when the New York State Harness Racing Commission barred children under 18



Roland Harriman jogs his fine

from the tracks, even if they were accompanied by their parents. I thought that was terrible, and I said so. I feel the only way to gain enthusiasm for any sport is to initiate people into it when they're young. Well, they changed the rule and now the kids are back at Goshen, anyway. And we put on races for amateur drivers at Goshen, too.

"This is possibly not an apt comparison, but see what happened to basketball when money, the commercial aspect, became more important than the sport. That's what it comes down to: whether money is going to be the predominant thing in trotting, or the sport. There can be a happy marriage of the two. And as long as you have that, it's swell."

The Historic Track in Goshen is, of course, Harriman's pride and ideal. He and his nephew, stocky, graying Elbridge T. Gerry, who was an amateur driver of note and is presently a partner in Brown Brothers, are partners also in the operation of both the Arden Homestead Stable and the splendidly named Orange County Driving Park Association, which runs the race meeting at Historic. Harriman leaves most of the detail to Gerry, for whose ability he has

deep admiration and respect. "I have all the titles," he says, "but Ebby does all the work. He's everywhere around the track. He even checks the entry box in the morning to see what horses have been entered. He has a remarkable feeling for detail. About all I do now is take care of the trophies. I buy them at a sale in January, and then just before the meeting begins I sit down and decide which trophy should be put up for which race. Then I go watch the trotters and enjoy myself."

**H**arriman glows with that enjoyment whenever he is at Historic. One lovely morning in June, a few weeks before this year's race meeting began, he drove his beautifully polished Mercedes-Benz (complete with steel radiator ornament in the shape of a trotter pulling a sulky) the 17 miles from Arden to Goshen to talk to his trainer, Harry Pownall, who had raced at Vernon Downs in upstate New York the night before and who had flown down for his meeting with Harriman.

*continued*



4-year-old trotter Matastar in a training work at Goshen's peaceful Historic Track.

Harriman poked his head into the office tucked under the grandstand and said hello to Mary Stuart, a Goshen girl who has worked at the track for Harriman ever since her graduation from high school.

"Hello, Mary," he said. "How did we do last night?"

"You had two winners!"

"Two?" he said, delighted.

"Spector and Terceel," she said. "Terceel did two, four and a fraction."

Harry Pownall came in as she was speaking.

"Four and four," he said. "She did the first quarter in 28."

"You better get a new watch," Harriman said, smiling.

"No, it was official."

Harriman looked at him appraisingly.

"You got a horse for me to drive?"

Pownall said, "Well, I think there's something we better talk about first."

Harriman smiled again. "I know all about it," he said, "and it's all right." Harriman had undergone an operation during the winter and had been cautioned to take it easy for a while.

"You sure?" Pownall said. "I've got my orders."

"I'm sure," Harriman said. "It's all right."

They walked out to the sunlit stable area and Harriman watched as the crack 4-year-old Matastar was hitched to a sulky. Watching, too, was Mrs. Frances Wallace, who writes about harness racing for Orange County newspapers. "You've got some good 2-year-olds coming up," she said. "So I'm told," Harriman agreed. He climbed into the sulky behind Matastar. Pownall walked alongside and said, "About 23, 25." Harriman nodded and took Matastar slowly along the track the "wrong" way, jogging him for a while. Then he turned him and brought him down the track and past the starting post.

"Is that the boss out there, Harry?" a stablehand asked.

"Yep," said Pownall.

"What's he going in?"

"About 25."

"He looks pretty good."

"He sure does. And it's the first time he's been out this year."

As Harriman completed the second tour of the half-mile track Pownall said, almost to himself, "Right on it, 2.25." Harriman brought the horse back to Pownall, who walked up, touched his watch and said, "Right on the button." "Had to walk him the last quarter to do it," Harriman said.

Later, as he walked past on his way back to the office Mrs. Wallace said, "You ought to do this more often."

"Wish I could," Harriman said. "Tell Harry to leave more horses here."

He went into the office, phoned his wife to tell her what time he'd be home for lunch and came out again. He looked around before getting into his car. A trotter came jogging along the track driven by a man in a sulky who held a small boy, no more than three or four years old, on his lap. The boy's face was brilliant with excitement.

Harriman watched the horse and the man and the boy move slowly down the track. "That's what I mean about trotting," he said.

---

## A July Week of Nostalgia

---

Roland Harriman's spruce old Historic Track in Goshen, N.Y., is an extremely pleasant place during Fourth of July week. Its easy, friendly atmosphere is shown in the scenes on the following four pages. At right: Driver Jim Hackett relaxes in the paddock amid a colorful clutter of sulkies and racing tack. A visitor knows that he can walk right up and chat with Jim—or with Del Miller, Johnny Simpson, Stanley Dancer, Joe O'Brien and the other famous drivers who invariably appear at Goshen. The heavy security cordon separating horsemen from the public at the big commercial raceways is happily absent. Nor is it forbidden to pat a horse on its well-hred muzzle or to bring along the kids for a long, euphoric afternoon of trotting, very much as it was 50 years ago. At no other U.S. trotting track is pure sport so well served, and no other offers such a delightful blend of rural heaviness and gaited speed. The horses are the nation's very best. This week, as Roland Harriman turns back the clock once again to a more spacious time, they include Impish, the most remarkable trotting filly the sport has ever known, and Safe Mission, the colt she must defeat to win The Hambletonian classic next month.

Photographs by Neil Leifer







Goshen's charms include the sight and sound of children cheering the horses and sipping sodas on a sunlit lawn; memorabilia like the old high-wheeled sulkies in a trackside museum; and, above all, the panorama of graceful trotters high-stepping along a course enhanced by a green, rural backdrop.

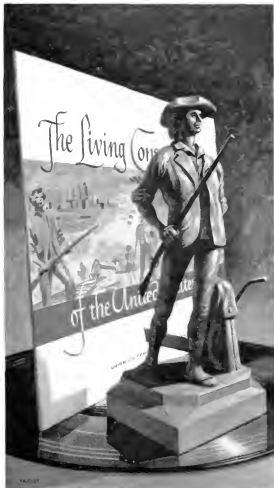






Before Goshen's old pagodalike judges' stand, a race gets smartly under way.

# The Living Constitution



...a weapon  
in the fight for  
men's minds

**I**n the battle for men's minds, which the Communists wage relentlessly, perhaps one of our most potent weapons is the Constitution of the United States.

But, frankly, when did you last read the Constitution?

To enable more people to know and appreciate the principles that established the American concept of freedom of the individual, we decided to promote a recording—The Living Constitution.

A cast of eight voices reads the words of man's most inspired document for the government of a free people. The words become really understandable, personal, meaningful, moving. As you listen, "shivers run up and down your spine."

This is the album Union Oil dealers made available to their customers for six weeks this year at about one-sixth its usual retail cost. Thousands were distributed every week.

Scores of editors, businessmen, educators and churchmen told us this was a tremendous public service."

This is but another of many public services we are proud to render.

*YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles, California.*

## Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL



## It's the little things that count

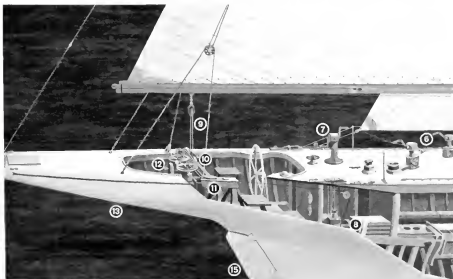
A first look at the Australian boat, "Gretel," reveals the meticulous refinements that make her a worthy challenger for the America's cup

When Australia issued a challenge for the America's Cup the U.S. accepted with polite confidence. The U.S. has successfully defended the cup 17 times in a monotonous procession of

easy victories. In every race since the first in 1851 the U.S. has had the better crew and, with one exception—in 1934, when Britain's *Endeavour* challenged—has always had the better boat.

This is Australia's first try for the cup, and this week the Aussie challenger, *Gretel* (see cover), arrives on the East Coast. Within another week *Gretel* will be tuning up, in the company of her trial horse, *Fon*, on the 24-mile America's Cup course off Newport, R.I.

The challenger is the first 12-meter ever designed or built in Australia. *Gretel*



To produce an easy-handling and responsive boat without losing strength and power demands an intricate balance of elements. In *Gretel*, Designer Payne has laboriously saved weight, within the limits of safety, but has deviated from the accepted practice of putting this saving in the keel for stability, electing instead to put it in deck machinery. Two of *Gretel*'s obvious weight-saving features are her knuckle bow (1) and the reverse transom (7). Payne has also ingeniously scrimped in novel ways by scalloping the chain plates (3), by carrying the hull planks into the deck (4) to eliminate heavy fastenings and by designing a bow chock (5) that can be

removed while racing. Much of this saved weight has been invested in extravagant weches, which by virtue of their put alone should be reliable time-savers. *Gretel*'s two-speed Genoa coffee grinders (6) have foot pedal gear controls for simultaneous winching and adjustment. (But their location under the boom may cause a cracked skull for an unwary

### DIMENSIONS

LOA	68 ft 6 in
LWL	45 ft
Beam	11 ft 10 in
Draft	5 ft
Sail area	2,000 sq ft
Displacement	30 tons

was born in secrecy half a world away, and this, coupled with Australia's general reputation for imaginative pioneering, has prompted speculation that *Gretel* might be the first of a new and better breed of 12-meter sloop.

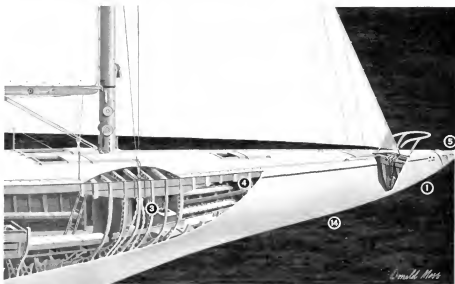
On the eve of *Gretel's* debut in U.S. waters her designer, Alan Payne, has released an exclusive preview (caption below). To the casual eye there is precious little of *Gretel* that seems exotic or revolutionary. Considering the rigid rules governing the size, materials and construction of a 12-meter, this is understandable. Of necessity, improvement is limited to subtleties. As Designer Payne admits, "I haven't made any brilliant discoveries . . . just tried to make small things a little bit better than ever before."

Australia's success this September will depend largely on whether all the "small things" add up to a better boat.

Payne took into consideration the fact that the cup is seldom contested in heavy weather. *Gretel* is designed more for maneuverability than heavy going. Match races are won in seconds—and seconds are lost by a jammed halyard or a sluggish winch. Payne's desire to provide the crew with a responsive boat is implicit in *Gretel's* powerful, high-speed deck gear, refined running rigging and hull design. If *Gretel's* gear lives up to its expected efficiency, the Australian crew could be cut from a normal complement of 11 to possibly eight, to eliminate weight, windage and confusion. While emphasizing sail-handling ability, Payne

has sought to preserve the sail-carrying quality of a strong, stable hull. In fact, in her first runs in Australia *Gretel* went best to windward in a stiff breeze. This versatile balance of power and quick handling should make her slippery, agile and elusive in tacking duels. More than pure speed, match racing requires a prompt, lively boat that can hold its momentum in sudden turns.

*Gretel's* inconclusive trial bouts with *Lou* in Australian waters this spring served chiefly to train the crew and test her sails. She has 46 sails, and these, as well as her rigging and gear, need further testing, modification and adjustment before the Aussies can be certain they have a smoothly functioning unit that is good enough to win the cup. **END**



with pander.) The three-speed mareshead coffee grinder (7) connects by a shaft to an awesome—and expensive—winch drum (8) which has a threaded axle to guide the wire sheet onto the drum's precision grooves, preventing over-swinging turns. In designing the mareshead tackle (5) Payne has traded the purchase and reliability of the fore-and-aft double mareshead system for the simplicity and speed of a transverse single wire setup. From a dead-eye on the port coaming the sheet runs through the first of

two sheaves on a roller-bearing traveler (10) up to a modest boom block, back down through the second traveler sheave to a fixed, angled deck sheave (11) through the deck to the winch drum. Each of the twin backstay winches in the after cockpit (12) has two wheels: a vertical one for rapid winching, a horizontal one for trim. By adding weight to deck rather than in the keel, Payne sacrificed natural stiffness

the ability of a hull to hold course and remain upright. To compensate he has tried to build stability as well as speed into the hull lines. The wide flat run (13) and sharp stem, rounded at the waterline (14), add stiffness and also afford *Gretel* longer

sailing lines when heeled, increasing potential hull speed. The sloping keel, with its deep draft aft, and the location of the rectangular rudder (15) well forward aid underwater friction. While this trim underbody contributes to *Gretel's* maneuverability, the lack of resistance to sideways pressure in a hull design of this sort could increase leeway—an undesirable factor on a reach or a beat. But, surprisingly in her trial runs to date *Gretel* shows no sideslipping tendencies. In fact she has proved better reaching than running and actually goes best to windward in breezes of 10 knots or more. *Gretel* may look delicate, but she's a typically tough, wiry Australian



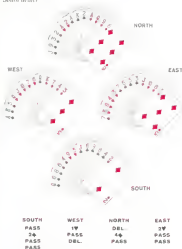
BRIDGE / Charles Goren

## Sharp work with the scissors

Games have contributed richly to our vocabulary. When you use such expressions as "passing the buck," "calling the turn" or "left in the lurch," you may not even be aware that you are speaking the language of poker, firo and cribbage. Many sports—baseball, horse racing and golf among them—have borrowed bridge's "grand slam" to express the same idea: taking everything in sight. To describe the play involving trumping high in order to set up a trump trick for partner, I didn't hesitate for a moment to steal "uppercut" from boxing.

When the play described here was first observed, Ely Culbertson termed it the Coup Without a Name. Since then, it has come to be called the Scissors Coup for a reason that has nothing to do with the wrestling hold, but is nevertheless entirely apt. Judge for yourself.

*Both sides vulnerable  
South deals*



*Opening lead: queen of clubs*

With the exception of West's double of the final round, the bidding was standard. North had more than ample values for his takeout double of one heart; East had some distributional assets to fortify his raise to two hearts. (A bid directly over a double denies great strength, for if opener's partner had a reasonably strong holding, say 10 or more points, he would announce this by redoubling.) South also had distributional strength to justify his free bid in spades, particularly in view of the fact that he had passed initially. North, of course, had sufficient reserve values to justify a jump to game.

West's double was another matter. He could hardly hope to gain more than 100 points and, as it turned out, the double made declarer's danger grimly clear. For West to have any justification for his double, his opening lead of the queen of clubs had to be a singleton; he must have had three trumps including the two high ones, for he was undoubtedly hoping for a club ruff that would furnish the setting trick. Declarer realized all this but had to figure out what could be done about it. The answer turned out to be the scissors coup.

Dummy won the club trick and led a trump. West won the trick and shifted to the queen of hearts as expected, won by dummy's ace, as East dropped the encouraging 8-spot. Now, if declarer led another trump from dummy West would win and put his partner in with a second heart lead. The club return would provide the setting trick.

Declarer couldn't get to his hand for the diamond finesse that might let him jettison his losing heart. However, the hope that West held the diamond king inspired South's solution. He cashed dummy's ace of diamonds and led the diamond queen. When East played low, South discarded his remaining heart—creating a scissors coup, his action having served to cut the line of communication between the defenders' hands.

Trading a diamond loser for a heart loser was a most profitable exchange. South was able to trump the next heart, keeping East from gaining the lead. Now he could lead another trump, conceding West his second spade trick and the third trick for his side. But three tricks were all the defenders could take and declarer had scissored his way to success in a doubled contract.

### EXTRA TRICK

When you have to lose a trick, it can make a great deal of difference which opponent you allow to win it. **END**





## The rime of the "Modern" Mariner

*I sought seclusion by the sea,  
Yet would not be alone,  
I dwelt forlorn until one morn  
I heard—the telephone.*

*"We're on our way," my Fair One said  
"Just leave the beacon on "  
A siren song. The day was long,  
But no more woebegone*

*That night they came, a merry crew,  
(They'd won the race that day)  
A million stars burst over Mars  
Without a ricochet,*

*And they had brought a precious gift,  
A gift to please the eye,*

*A gift more rare than mountain air  
'Twas Seagram's Extra Dry—*

*Just gin, you say? I say you nay,  
I say upon reflection*

*'Tis spirit lean—urbane, serene,  
'Tis amber dry perfection*

*Just gin, indeed! With glass in hand  
We watched the thund'ring sea  
And as the roar broke on the shore—  
My fate stood next to me!*

*The pallid moon began to wane,  
And still my Fair One turned,  
Two hearts had met, on that parapet  
We promised to be married,*

*Together now, alone no more,  
Sans care, sans worldly megrims,  
We toast long life as man and wife,  
With amber gin! by Seagram's!*



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 50 PROOF  
DISTILLED DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN



## Naturally...

... distinguished restaurants, hotels and bars serve Canada Dry Quinine Water. This tonic mixer offers a unique combination of imported ingredients, bone-dry taste, glacier-blue hue. The experience is exhilarating! As a result, perceptive people everywhere have made Canada Dry Quinine Water their first choice for tonic drinks... almost two-to-one! *Canada Dry Quinine Water has "speed to sparkle"...the right amount of pinpoint carbonation, the finest ingredients.*

## *A champion with a camera for sale*

**Poland's Janusz Sidlo has  
fashioned a good life for himself  
with his wooden javelin.  
Now he wants to throw U.S. steel**



For 28-year-old Janusz Sidlo, Poland's blond, beginning-to-be-notably javelin champion, last week's trip to the U.S. with the Polish track team was strictly business. Domiciled at Chicago University's Pierce Hall on the grubby South Side of the city, Sidlo (above), like the rest of the Poles, wasted no time in sightseeing, very little in social engagements.

"After," he said. "After meet, then maybe we see Washington and New York, but first come business." Business for Sidlo means throwing the javelin: he has devoted half his life to this, expects to spend at least ten more years in competition. Ostensibly there are no athletic scholarships in Poland, but Sidlo's ability to throw a javelin farther than all but one or two other men in the world has earned him three prizes: a college education at the Acad-

emy of Physical Education in Warsaw; a well-paying, undemanding job as a junior high school teacher of physical education; and a comfortable, spacious three-room apartment in Warsaw for himself, his wife and their 2-year-old daughter.

Sidlo's career as a javelin thrower began in Szopienice, a coal-mining town of some 30,000 people about 150 miles from Warsaw in Silesia. In 1948, when he was 14 years old, he attended a women's track meet with his father, who was and is a coal miner. Sitting high in the stands, he watched the javelin contest with interest.

"From so far up where I sat," he says, "the throws looked very short, and I told my father I could throw the spear that far. So after the meeting we borrowed a javelin—a woman's javelin—and sure enough, I could." Sidlo

speaks some English, but for a long conversation on a variety of topics, he must have an interpreter. He is fluent in German and Russian.

He competed in the Polish equivalent of junior high school and high school and was sent to college by the government, there he got a degree in physical education. He is working now, between track meets, on a master's degree; his thesis is on the history and technique of the javelin in Poland for the last 50 years. Helping him in this project is a cadre of some 50 young javelin throwers, who conduct extensive experiments under Sidlo's direction. One of the prime objects of his visit to the U.S. is the acquisition of a Dick Held steel javelin, both for his own use and teaching. He brought with him a camera which he is going to sell for the money to pay for the javelin.

*continued*



## See America's Cup Races in Comfort

This year you can really enjoy every moment of the races. They start September 15 off Newport, where America's finest 12 meter yacht will compete with Australia's challenger *GRETEL* for the best 4 out of 7 races and the world's most coveted sailing trophy.

And if you mail this coupon promptly, you can be there to admire every maneuver.

Reserve your space now on a 3-decked seagoing excursion boat with best visibility, well-stocked bar, excellent dining and entertainment facilities. Limited space available—applications accepted on a first come, first served basis.

### RAYMOND & WHITCOMB

First on Travel Since 1879  
21 East 51st Street New York 17, N.Y.

Please reserve space for me on your America's Cup Observation Boat. I am enclosing payment for:

tickets which will cover the first four races (this gives me priority space for the 10th, sixth and seventh races as well) at \$52.80 per ticket

individual race tickets for race number (3) at \$16.80 each

I prefer departure from ☐ Newport or ☐ Block Island

Name

Address

City

Zone

State

### TRACK continued

"We have only wooden javelins in Poland," he said. "When I exercise, I use two of them and throw them maybe 50 times. But I would like the American steel javelin because the wood ones break so easily."

Terry Beucher, who was on the American Olympic team and met Sidlo in Bern in 1980, offered to send him a javelin in return for the help the Polish champion had given him in correcting minor flaws in his throwing style, but Sidlo refused. "That is not the proper way to do it," he said. "I do not mind helping you if I can, I do not want to protect my secrets. Why shouldn't someone be helped? It is a traditional feeling in Poland not to guard your secrets. It is better to have fine memories than to try to be bigger than you are."

Sidlo spent a good deal of his free time working with American javelin throwers in Chicago. Karen Mendyka, one of the American women, improved her best throw of the year by seven feet under Sidlo's tutelage. She and Janusz talked in German, but Sidlo's graphic, sometimes humorous physical demonstrations were more effective than the talk.

Janusz does not approve of American training methods. "In Poland, the athlete lasts for many years," he said, seriously. "It is because we do not work at our sport all the year round. In the winter, when the snow is down, I ski and hunt, but I do not throw the javelin. In hunting, I walk many miles so that my legs benefit, as they do from the skiing. I wish that while I am here I shall have the opportunity to go to Canada for the

hunting, but I do not think it is possible. Anyway, I do not begin to throw the javelin until the snow is up, so that I am, each year, fresh for it. That is why I shall continue to throw it for many years. I am only 28 and that is a young age for an athlete in my country. I or me, 1964 and the Olympics in Tokyo is only tomorrow."

### Much like Warsaw

The rather sketchy glimpse Sidlo has had of America on his first trip here has left him unimpressed. The shabby neighborhood around the University of Chicago, he thinks, is much like Warsaw and the food in the dining hall is like students' food everywhere.

"I am told that here you have fresh fruits and vegetables all year round because the country is so big that it is always ripe somewhere," he said. "That is nice because in Poland we have it only during the summer. But the meats and other things are just the same. One thing I like very much here are the big, beautiful automobiles and the good hard streets. We do not have so many of them at home."

He borrowed Terry Beucher's automobile for a quick 10-minute drive around the neighborhood of the university, driving very fast and with obvious relish. The Polish team was given far more freedom than the Russian team which visited the U.S. in 1959, but most of them were content to stay close to Pierce Hall. They are a friendly, happy group but they showed an odd lack of curiosity about the U.S., which most of them are visiting for the first time.

Instead, they concentrated exclusively

SIDLO GIVES SOME TIPS ON JAVELIN TECHNIQUE TO AMERICA'S KAREN MENDYKA

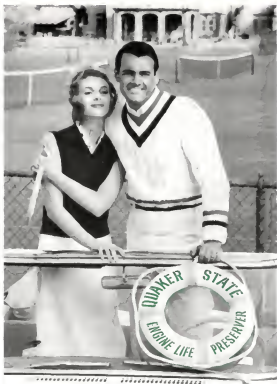


on the bus ness at hand, preparing for competition.

"For us, this is not the big meet," Sidlo said. "The big meet is the European Games. I feel that if we do well here, that is good because it will mean that we will do well in that meet. But we are not yet ready for strong competition, you see. That will come by September."

During the first day's events, Sidlo wandered around the infield, offering encouragement and instruction to the women javelin throwers, both Polish and American. He was surprised at the small crowd—some 13,500—that turned out; in Warsaw last year, in two days of pouring rain, 60,000 Poles filled the stadium to watch the Polish-American meet. He was surprised, too, at the vast enthusiasm the small crowd showed for the infrequent Polish victories, until he learned that it was made up almost exclusively of the large Polish population of Chicago.

The crowd was bigger but still predominantly Polish on the second day of the meet, when Sidlo competed. Looking at them, he shrugged philosophically and said, "To me it is equal. I still have to throw and it does not matter how many watch. What matters is the nuances of the javelin. Each javelin is like a child, different and to be handled differently." He was one of the five Polish men who won here; his throw of 246 feet 10 inches was good enough to win though well below his career best of 280 feet 8½ inches. But Sidlo was satisfied. In the long view, he takes of javelin throwing, he is only on the threshold of his career. He accepted his medal cheerfully enough, then went off to try to sell his camera so he could buy an American steel javelin. **END**



AND POLISH TEAMMATE NIKICIUK



WHEREVER YOU GO,

## your car's best engine life preserver is Quaker State

Your day always turns out more pleasantly with Quaker State in the crankcase. This years-ahead motor oil keeps your car on the road, out of the repair shop—saves you money. Refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, Quaker State gives

every car longer-lasting lubrication and complete protection. It's the finest motor oil your money can buy. So always insist on Quaker State—the best engine life preserver.

\*QSOHC 180

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORP.,  
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA



## IRISH DERBY

La Segra unbeaten in 11 races this year, best of all.

On Saturday, outside Dublin, there was only one best and that was Tambourine II. He is trained in France by Etienne Pottet, but is owned by Mrs. Howell Jackson of Middleburg, Va., whose racing colors are the oldest on the American

horizon. He is their second big success. They had previously bought a mare in Italy to Never Say Die, and she produced a filly that Mrs. Jackson named Never Too Late. In 1960 the filly won two of England's major races, the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks.

The Curragh is a typical rolling European turf course. On the route laid out for the Derbs, the horses, running clockwise, reach a sudden right turn after a

long, undrained-out straighter referred to the Derbs' fans as a circus course, and many horsemen, after walking over the severely tightened layout with their socks before the race, felt that the Irish Derby could be won this year by a horse that really didn't have the stamina for a mile and a half. It is doubtful, however, that after watching the race any one can accuse Tambourine II of not being able to go the classic distance. This bay colt has the look—and the breeding—of a runner, and on Saturday he was one.

Breaking from the center of the pack, Tambourine II was always well placed by his jockey, France's Roger Poincelot. He won the race by making up ground the hard way on the outside going in the first furl. He took the lead at the start of the six furlongs. Poincelot said he felt Tambourine II hesitate for a stride or two when the colt came to the head of the stretch, and saw half a hundred thousand frenzied Irishmen before him. It could have been only for an instant, however, because Tambourine II held the lead for the last three-eighths of a mile, with Auctis, Storm coming at him with a rush in the last furlong. Poincelot, nine times France's riding champion, saved the win by a short head. It was his first ride in the Irish Derby. Five lengths back was Sebring, owned by Townsend Martin, who also owns Sunnyside County. Three lengths behind Sebring was Larkspur, the smallish chestnut colt trained by that incomparable Irishman, Vincent O'Brien, for Virginia Sportsman Raymond Gaest. If those 50,000 Irishmen at the Curragh could not see an Irish horse win, they would have been happy if Larkspur did. He is Irish-bred and, after his Epsom Derby victory, was commonly accepted as the best 3-year-old in Europe.

Dismissing as the American performance was to this nation of horse lovers, this Derby nevertheless looked like the healthy start of a new era in Irish racing. The gross purse was \$190,400, with \$140,075 to the winner, making it the richest race in the world for 3-year-olds. Last year the gross purse was only \$22,000, large enough for Ireland perhaps, but not enough to attract the owners of the best racehorses in other countries. This year the firm headed by 74-year-old Joseph McGuinn, which handles the Irish Sweepstakes, contributed \$84,000 to the purse. That probably accounted for the presence of Larkspur, Tambourine II and others. The benevolence of the firm is explained by the prosperity of the Sweepstakes. The Sweeps are



AFTER A MAGNIFICENT STRETCH RIDE, JOCKEY POINCELOT WAVES IN TRIUMPH

turf. In 1957 the Jacksons bought a mare, La Mirabelle, who had been second in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in 1952. The mare was brought home to Bull Hancock's Claiborne Farm in Kentucky and bred to Princequillo. The result was Tambourine II. He did not race at 2, but he won his first two starts before finishing fourth to Val de Lour in the French Derby. The Jacksons have been racing abroad for only four years, and Tam-

bourine II is their second big success. They had previously bought a mare in Italy to Never Say Die, and she produced a filly that Mrs. Jackson named Never Too Late. In 1960 the filly won two of England's major races, the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks. The Curragh is a typical rolling European turf course. On the route laid out for the Derbs, the horses, running clockwise, reach a sudden right turn after a

traditional in Ireland and, although selling the tickets is illegal in most other countries, they are always available at £1, or \$2.80, largely because of the matchless organization of cagey Joe McGrath, who thought up the whole idea back in 1930.

This year 5,630,304 people around the world managed to find ways to buy Sweepstakes tickets and shelled out £1 each, the money rolling in before the Irish Derby to an enormous office in Dublin (as it does also on sweepstakes for the Grand National and the Cambridgeshire). There a staff of 2,500, employed by McGrath's firm, Hospitals' Trust, Ltd., processed each ticket and took care of the distribution of prize money. They doled out \$8,890,200 to 7,928 winners—a ticket on Tamhouenne II winning \$140,000, one on Arctic Storm \$56,000 and one on Sebring \$28,000. Another \$236,600 was paid to the 728 sellers of the winning tickets. That still left \$2,911,546 to be turned over to some 400 Irish hospitals.

Joe McGrath and his firm do not run the Sweepstakes just for the sheer joy of doing good. "We get a fee, of course,"

says Paddy McGrath, Joe's 35-year-old son. It isn't too bad a fee, either, being 2½% of the total, or about \$335,000 in the case of the Irish Derby. The McGraths aren't ashamed of accepting this kind of pin money but, Paddy points out, "This is hardly our only source of income. We run 11 other businesses besides the Sweeps. They include a bottle works, a steel works and two carpet factories, not to mention our racing and breeding industry. I guess it's between us and the Aga Khan as to which is the biggest racing operation in Europe."

#### Purses draw horses

If Hospitals' Trust, Ltd. continues to add substantial sums to the purse, future Irish Derbies will have considerable significance in the overall international turf picture. Owners of good horses, whether they come from the Irish tracks at Phoenix Park and Limerick Junction or from Newmarket, Hollywood Park, Keeneland or Saratoga, are always going to seek the richest prize money available. The victory of Tamhouenne II was the first Irish Derby win for Trainer Pollet, who seldom sends out a runner—in

France or elsewhere—unless he thinks he has an exceptionally good chance to win.

International racing up to now has been pretty much of a one-way deal. Horses from abroad have come to the U.S. each year for the Laurel International, but this is surely not enough. Nor does it help much that nearly 100 Americans now buy yearlings in Europe and keep them there to race. We must send our best there. A French racing official in Paris said that because Laurel is an invitational race, with traveling expenses paid by the track, American owners think of international racing only in terms of invitations. When told that the purse of the International had been increased to \$125,000 and that this year \$5,000 would be given to fifth-, sixth- and seventh-place finishers, the Frenchman laughed and said, "Is there nothing for finishing last?" Americans, he said, don't seem to realize that there are plenty of rich races in Europe, "but they have nomination fees and closing dates just like most of your races. Americans should come and race abroad without being led by the hand."

END



## How little does it cost to run a big sports car?

Triumph's new sports car, the TR-4, lists for \$2849\*—less than a run-of-the-mill convertible. It doesn't use much gas. You get about 30 miles per gallon.

But money couldn't buy a more magnificent piece of machinery, 105 horsepower, 110 mph top speed. The best engineering Britain offers. For instance, all speeds are good

speeds for the TR-4 Torque, or Thrust, is high whether you go fast or slow.

Other surprises: synchromesh on all 4 forward gears, Disc brakes Wider track for a smoother ride. Direct rack-and-pinion steering (feels like power-steering, but it's much more responsive). You can see the TR-4 today in all 50 states and Canada at any of the 650-plus dealers. Notice

the careful work of alloy & gold metal in London. Roll up the windows. Stretch out in the leather seats.

Get a test drive. You'll know why over 60,000 Americans say there's nothing like a Triumph.

## TRIUMPH TR-4

\*MSRP. Excludes destination charge, taxes, license, title, and dealer prep. Dealer price may vary. ©1970 Triumph Motor Co., Ltd. Triumph is a registered trademark of Triumph Motor Co., Ltd. in the U.S. and other countries.

**W**hile there was very little of lasting interest about an editorial in the *Birmingham Age-Herald* endorsing the presidential candidacy of James M. Cox one full day in 1920, the newspaper's words had a galvanic effect upon an Alabama shopkeeper named Julius Allen Israel. "I remember that as I heard the words my hair stood up on end," Israel takes pleasure in relating today. "and goose bumps popped up all over my body." To appreciate the man's agitation, it is necessary to know that Israel was being read to at the time by his son Melvin, a little fellow not yet a month enrolled in the first grade. The revelation that the child could read the Birmingham papers, let alone the ponderous editorial pages, was an eye-opening experience from which the father has not yet completely recovered. "I had known all along that Melvin was brighter than most," says Israel with paternal candor, "but he'd never let on just how smart he really was. He was always such a modest and quiet little boy."

Modest he still is—he has not forgotten how to blush and, when asked for his autograph, never fails to say, "Thank you"—but quiet he is not, for the boy Melvin Israel has since grown

*continued*

## Baseball's Babbling Brook

*Mel Allen, The Voice of the Yankees, has drowned many a fan in a flood of chatter, but he has earned a good living and a reputation for excellence*

by **HUSTON HORN**







up to become the man Mel Allen. As such he is the most successful, best known, highest paid, most valuable figure in sportscasting, and one of the bigger names in broadcasting generally. In New York City, his base of operations, Mel Allen has a following that only a politician, which Allen in some ways is, could love. There are people to whom his voice is a comfort, his handshake a benediction, his autograph an heirloom. "Write 'Good luck, George' and sign your name," a man named George demanded of Allen not long ago, and a bartender insisted that Mel sign a \$5 bill. "This is illegal," said Allen, scribbling away.

"For this," said the bartender, "I don't mind dying."

To such a weird and wonderful estate, which over the last dozen years has annually paid him more than \$100,000, most of it already spent, Mel Allen has risen on the strength of an indefatigable, hinged-in-the-middle tongue, an unsurpassed knowledge of and almost mystical involvement in sports. Riding the pin-striped coattails of his employers for the last two decades, the New York Yankees, has helped. Moreover, he has merrily made his way to the top of a field of limited opportunities without deceit, without guile, without cynicism and without, it would seem, half trying, fame having stalked him more than the other way around. His formula has been simply an open-faced and honest ambition to fulfill himself and to believe in himself.

Since self-satisfaction has always eluded Mel Allen, he sits today uncomfortable in his eminence, wondering what it amounts to and knowing at the same time that, whatever its worth, he has, in the words of a friend, "only one direction left—down." Goaded by this unnerving intelligence—and spurred along by loneliness that befalls him as a 49-year-old bachelor hopelessly embroiled in his job—Allen is a tireless worker, driving himself to accept as many obligations, commitments and duties as daylight and dark will allow and, like a tightrope walker, resisting the impulse to look beneath him. "He has so many things going for him," says fellow sportscaster Joe Garagiola, "that if he ever got the flu he'd be a one-man Depression."

And one of Allen's favorite stories, one of the thousands he knows and cherishes, takes on the flavor of a morality play when he tells it. The story concerns a onetime major league pitcher named Bobo Holloman who had the bad luck to pitch a no-hitter for the St. Louis Browns on his very first start in the majors. By the end of the season they were saying: "Bobo? Bobo who?"

Bobo's flaw, says Allen, was a sore arm and serenity, and while a sore throat niny now and then indispose Mel Allen it won't be complacency that goes before his fall. Attaching a peculiarly negative significance to the mark he has made, he lost his once-abiding respect for *Who's Who in America*, he says without coyness, when it requested his biography 10 years ago. Allen frankly protests that "if the New York Yankees had been an eighth-place team all the time I'd been with them I'd be an eighth-place announcer." Since the Yankees have done very well altogether during the 21 years, so has their official spokesman. Yet Allen, like a spinster with a rich daddy and a poor boy friend, wonders bleakly how much he is liked for himself and how much for his association with affluence. Says Julius Israel: "What Mel needs is the swelled head he deserves."

**W**hether or not Allen's popularity is as mercurial and subject to whim as he supposes, it is sufficient nowadays to keep him occupied on radio, television and motion picture film 600 hours each year, pitching athletic sweat, beer, smokes, razor blades, oatmeal, autos, soap, gasoline and lip balm. More than half of that time, of course, is devoted to Allen's folksy, garrulous descriptions of 162 Yankee ball games, while most of the remainder is parceled out to the World Series broadcasts, college football and Rose Bowl games, a three-hour, \$3-a-minute segment of NBC Radio's *Monitor* on Saturday mornings and baseball All-Star games (his 23rd comes up next Tuesday).

Twice each week he lends his voice to the soundtrack of Fox Movietone sports newscasts. To earn his \$12,000-a-year salary for that job, Allen is obliged to write as well as talk the scripts. He does both after a quick look at the film, with

speed and efficiency, having a practiced ear for the catchy, punny phrasing that is the pattern of most newsreel features. ("The hull thing makes a fellow kick over from sheer delight," he wrote shamelessly for a girls' documentation of New York's winter boat show.) Somehow Allen has enough energy left over to write an occasional magazine article, to pick an All-America team for a magazine and to work away, somewhat desultorily, at his second hook, which, like his first, will be a collection of uplifting sports stories. With so many demands on his reportorial sense, it is no wonder that his capacities are sometimes taxed to the limit, as they were several years ago when he tried his hand at song lyrics. "Let's play ball, play ball, you all," his song began—and went downhill from there.

Happy in his work, Mel Allen is likewise happy in his relative leisure, liking nothing better than to fill it by making speeches—which he makes often for free and always at the drop of the invitations that come in daily. His format, by and large, is the presentation of sports stories—straight-from-the-shoulder, sometimes gamy stories for adults, inspirational stories for youngsters. He even makes speeches when no one has asked him to, in bars, on street corners, wherever there is an attentive—or captive—ear.

Mel Allen is the only sportscaster known to the modern world who has had his day in a major league ball park, in this case Mel Allen Day in Yankee Stadium in 1950, when he received clothes, a Cadillac and \$10,000—which he in turn gave to Columbia and the University of Alabama for scholarships. He is certainly one of the few broadcasters who can draw better crowds leaving a stadium than many ballplayers, and is one of the few when young boys and old women alike have smothered to the sidewalk in excessive shows of partiality. And while it is not a unique experience among radio and TV personalities, it is encouraging to Allen's fragile vanity that some of his mail still contains endearments of the "Dear little of 'celebrity,' You don't know me, but . . ." kind.

To offset such effusions, Allen has a solid corps of detractors, too, one of whose doubtless said gleefully not long ago: "Mel Allen talks more than a magazine—which isn't saying much." More

specific critics point out that Allen dearly loves to labor a point or overwork a pet phrase ("How about that?" "I, that his voice, deep, rich and mellow as it is, has an irritating edge on it, and that his stifled but not fully hidden enthusiasm when the Yankees are winning violates his rights to the air waves. Sober, industrious and otherwise well-adjusted men have been known to fall into giggling, sniggering rages as, sitting helplessly before their TV sets, they feel themselves assaulted by Allen's tedious, drawn-out explanations ("For the benefit of those not so familiar with the game, the infield fly rule states that, with first and second base or first, second and third occupied and less than two out, a ball which in the judgment of the umpire," etc., etc.), by his successively elated descriptions of every-day Yankee catches, by his straining compulsion to qualify, modify and amplify nearly every general truth he utters. "International 1 all is the coldest spot in the U. S.," he said on TV once. "Temperatures, that is." And because New York teems with people who love baseball but refuse to pledge allegiance to the

Yankee pennant, Allen's "objective but pro-Yankee" broadcasts can turn a truly roomful of people into a hating, shouting, blaspheming mob. "In New York, Mel's like the drinking friend who takes home the town drunk," says Lindsay Nelson, a fellow sportscaster and a friend of Allen. "Since the anti-Yankees aren't able to change the team, they hit the nearest thing—Mel Allen—with a rolling pin." Says Raconteur Tex O'Rourke, "Mel is Alabama's answer to Tennyson's babbling brook."

**A**fter winning a radio-TV "best sportscaster" award in 1952, Allen's first reaction was to say, "It's nice, but what if I don't win it next year?" The fact is, he's won it, wonderingly, every year since. He can no more understand this unqualified praise than he can understand the ire and vitriol of his critics. He seeks to show the same courtesy and restraint in replying to both. If accused of favoring the Yankees, for instance, he answers that his technique is one he has carefully considered for many years, and he would do

as much for anyone he worked for. If he is accused of being unfavorable to the opposite team, he bridges and denies it. "You listen," he will say, proudly professional. "I call a Colavino home run the same as I call a Mantle home run. The guy who doesn't think so didn't want Mantle to hit that home run in the first place." Only when accused of talking too much does Allen admit that perhaps he has a problem. "Somewhere," he says, "there must be a middle ground—enough explanation for those who don't understand the game and not too much for those who do. If I don't qualify everything I say, here come the letters. I have lain awake nights wondering where that happy medium is. I do the best I can."

Allen's best, as it turns out, is still this side of probity. Phrases like: "That brought the crowd to its collective feet," and, "There's no room for margin of error," will suggest why. Like most people who talk a lot, Allen exposes himself to easy ridicule. *The New York Times* once characterized him as a connoisseur of the obvious on the *éclaté* minute. A quotation the late John Lardner once

continued

Admittedly, each game—4th or 5th—draws a few Mel Allen devotees. (Source: *Sports Illustrated*, 1960. *Hearts up* and *Hearts up* below ship's rail, pennant)



## SKIN DIVING SAFETY



Taylor's Combination Depth Gauge and Compass is an investment in a safe return from skin diving fun. Tells both depth and direction on one instrument. Oversize arrow on compass dial and reference line on tape for easy reading. Depth indicated on large luminous dial from 0 to 140 ft. #2646. \$15.95. Nonreturn valve. Compass #2950. \$48.95. Depth Gauge #2950. \$18.95. Taylor Instrument Company, Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ontario.

## A Taylor Instrument

### STOP SEARCHING NOW FOR A LEATHER AND PLASTIC CLEANER/CONDITIONER

Malco Products, Akron, Ohio, has the answer. Introducing the new Malco Leather and Plastic Cleaner/Conditioner.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the full quality line of Malco products. All Malco automotive products are guaranteed or your money back. \$6.95 per quart each.



**MALCO PRODUCTS,**  
AKRON 4, OHIO



**B**usiness Mail performs a vital service. "In six out of seven letters in the United States there is no real outlet for books. People in three towns I've about rank by mail order three or four times by mail—(1) or (2) without them altogether."

—Bruce Catton,  
Fellow American Heritage

## ATHLETE'S FOOT ITCH? Spray It Away Fast!

Kills Athlete's Foot Fungus As It Stops Awful Itching!



Two itching, burning, peeling from Athlete's Foot? Spray away that torture fast with Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX! This medicated mist in handy push-button spray (1) instantly stops the itch, (2) on contact destroys fungus that causes Athlete's Foot, (3) promotes healing of cracked skin. There's no mess—hands never touch the infection. Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX also available in Ointment, Powder, Liquid.

**Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX**  
ATHLETE'S FOOT  
SPRAY

## MEL ALLEN

attributed to Allen—and it sounds more like Allen than Lardner—found him in one of his typical on-the-one-hand-there-on-the-other-hand-that situations. As a result, says Allen, who happens to be a law graduate, of his legal training. Lardner's quote, picked from a column several years back, went like this: "By sending Mize to the hot tack, Stengel may have kept Boudreau from replacing Brown, because . . . You see, Collins is a left-handed hitter—Well, we've got a right-handed pitcher in there now, but if Boudreau had called in a southpaw—Of course, Collins is a left-handed hitter, too. But what this might mean—Well, of course, it may mean nothing at all."

Sometimes Allen joins the Allen critics. "When somebody tells me I've done a good job making a bad ball game sound good," he says, "I know I've failed some way. They mean it as a compliment, but it's really a criticism. I never try to inflate a game. Instead I try to ride it like a hot on waves, and to make it sound like no more than it is. My job is reporting, not making up a press agent's release." Like any reporter, he sometimes falls on his face. Afterward he will brood about these gaffes for years. His worst mistake to date occurred in the seventh game of the 1960 World Series, when he prematurely blurted, "It's going foul," on a three-run homer by Yogi Berra. Stung by the recollection still, he takes some comfort from the fact that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED at the time called it the biggest blunder "since Clem McCarthy's historic miscall of the 1947 Kentucky Derby."

"That," says Allen with relish, "was their biggest blunder since Clem McCarthy's historic miscall of the 1947 Pre-Kness."

Because he is usually sitting behind a microphone, Allen is pictured by most people as a short and dumpy man. He is not. Unbent, he stands taller than six feet, weighs about 200 and wraps his large, bearded frame in loose-fitting casual jackets and slacks. Like his father and his brother, he is balding, but unlike them he disguises the truth with a hairpiece. He has heavy features, translucent blue-gray eyes and is handsome in an aging way. He looked like a cupid when

he was hitting for St. Valentine's Day in 1914.

Mel Allen's grandfather, William Israel, was a Russian Jew who came to the U. S. when he was 35, settled in West Blocton, Ala., where he ran a dry goods store and raised a family of seven. One of his sons, Julius Allen, Mel's father, remembers West Blocton as a tough mining town, and the meanest man around was an outlaw typically named Bart Thrasher. Julius Israel also remembers his father as a stern patriarch unfavorably disposed toward boyhood idleness and particularly inimical to baseball, since it interfered with Julius' chores. "How do you reckon he would like it if he knew his grandsons were making their living just looking at baseball games?" says Julius delightedly. "Ho!" Julius' other son, Larry, is a statistician and spotter on Mel's staff.

**M**el Allen's mother, Anna Leibovitz, the daughter of a cantor, was born in Russia and came to this country when she was 9. She married Israel in 1912 and, by the time Melvin was born, Julius was well established in the dry goods business in Johns, Ala., a small mining town 30 miles southwest of Birmingham. Continuing to prosper, Julius moved his business and his family first to Sylacauga, Ala., later to Bessemer, a large steel-producing center, where he opened a ladies' ready-to-wear shop. It was in Bessemer that young Melvin began flabbergasting his elders by reading the papers, particularly the sports pages, and by reciting, at the slightest provocation, current batting averages, RBIs and ERAs of popular major league players.

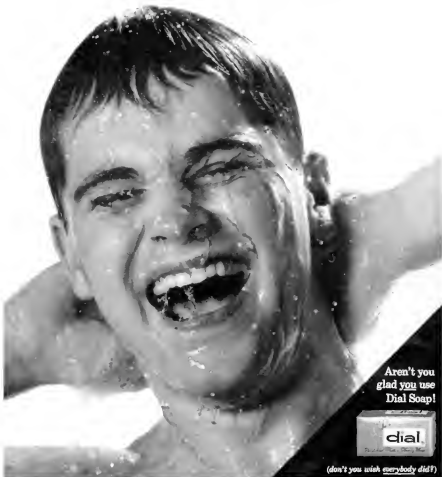
Hit hard by the postwar depression, Bessemer's economy collapsed, and so did Julius Israel's business. In 1922 he moved it to Cordova, Ala., where things went sour again. The Ku Klux Klan, a phoenix in a dirty bed sheet, was re-emerging at about that time, and high on the Klan's list of un-American activities was being Jewish. Cordova's citizens began to boycott the Israel store, and before long, the \$20,000 Israel had salvaged from his Bessemer operation was gone and, in declining health, he turned to selling shirts on the road. Bitter as Allen's mother is about Cordova's Klan,

# The sociable soap!

Dial is the soap for people who like people.

Knocks perspiration odor for a loop every time you bathe with it,  
because Dial with AT-7 removes skin bacteria that cause odor.

Keeps you fit to mingle all the day through.



Aren't you  
glad you use  
Dial Soap!



(don't you wish everybody did?)

## PLAY THE BIG WINNER!



Jimmy  
Demaret  
**MASTERS  
CHAMPION**  
3  
TIMES

### JUST 34 YEARS AGO

Jimmy Demaret played golf with his first clubs with steel shafts. He then predicted the steel shaft would eliminate the hickory shaft in a few years. You know the story.

Four years ago Jimmy Demaret played, for the first time, the First Flight Steel Power Center Golf Ball. He then predicted it would eliminate the old type golf ball just as the steel shaft eliminated the hickory.



No ball has ever before made such a record! This shows that Jimmy Demaret's prediction was right!

**First Flight**

**STEEL POWER CENTER  
GOLF BALL**

SOLD ONLY IN PRO SHOPS \$2.50

**FIRST FLIGHT COMPANY  
CHATTANOOGA 5, TENNESSEE**



As much a celebrity as moon or star ballplayers: Allen signs his autograph in Baltimore.

### MEL ALLEN Continued

she cannot forget a second disappointment that took place there. Her ambitions that Melvin should become a concert violinist were shattered when he just about cut off his left forefinger while paring a peach.

By the time Julius Israel moved the family to Greensboro, N.C. the siren call of a career in major league baseball had become a real and vital thing to Melvin, age 11, and he got a job as bat boy with the Greensboro Patriots. Already beginning to spread his time thin, he also delivered dry cleaning on roller skates and spent Saturday afternoons at the corner cigar store posting baseball scores on a blackboard. "Always it was baseball this or that," Anna Israel recalls. "There was never the time to study his school-books or his music lesson [Mel was now supposed to become a concert cornetist]. One day—it was a beautiful sunshining day just like I prophesied—I see the school principal coming up the walk. My God, he's been expelled, I thought. My God, let me fall down dead on this spot and I will welcome it, I thought." The principal had come not to expel Melvin, but to praise him. The principal announced that the boy had been

selected by the Civitans to serve in Raleigh as North Carolina's lieutenant governor for one day. It was an occasion that comes back vividly to Mel Allen. He was introduced that day in round-eyed wonder to the Tar Heel electric chair.

**T**wo years later Julius Israel moved his family again—this time to Birmingham—and there Melvin finished high school, dated the prettiest girl on the block and enrolled in the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa. He was only 15 years old and, because of his precocity, they called him Skyrocket. To save the expense of putting him up in a dormitory, the Israel family moved to Tuscaloosa, too. "About all I was able to afford was a roof over his head," says Julius Israel.

Characteristically, Mel Israel spent little time under that roof. Tall, skinny and physically immature, he was cut quickly from the varsity baseball team. He turned instead to intramural baseball, to writing sports for the school paper, to the drama club and, when necessary, to his books. To help his father meet expenses, he worked Saturday in Brown's Dollar Store selling shoes. After a good

day he would take five of Brown's dollars home.

By the time he was a senior, Mel had entered law school, was teaching a class in speech and was sports editor of both the student paper and the annual. He was also earning his varsity A as student manager of the baseball team, working as sports stringer for out-of-town Alabama papers, writing scripts for the football coaches' radio show, playing sundirt baseball and announcing downs and yards to go on the P-A system at Alabama football games. One fall afternoon in 1935 the late Frank Thomas, the football coach, got a call from a Birmingham radio station. It had suddenly lost its sportscaster for Alabama and Auburn football games. Did Thomas have any suggestions? Sure he did, Mel Israel.

"I wasn't really interested," says Allen now. "But it was a sure \$5 a game if I got the job." To see that he did, Allen prepared for his audition by boning up on an earlier Rose Bowl game that he hadn't seen, and came to the station to deliver a stirring account of how Alabama tied the score against Stanford in the last minutes. Charmed as much by Allen's account as by the recollection of that happy day in Pasadena, the station manager hired him.

Allen was already in his third year of law school, and he took his broadcasting job so lightly that in one early game he lost track of a down. To square himself with the scoreboard he squeezed in a line buck for no gain while Alabama was still in its huddle. Nevertheless, he got the job again the next season, but was unavailable the one after that. He was busy instead on the CBS network. The following fall he called the first baseball games he'd ever seen from a broadcasting booth: the 1938 World Series.

As he had done in Birmingham, Allen got his job with CBS almost accidentally. In New York, on a skylarking Christmas vacation, he strolled into the CBS studio one evening to see a program being broadcast. He mentioned his association with the CBS affiliate in Birmingham to a night supervisor, and for no better reason than curiosity let himself be induced to audition. The next question he heard was, "When can you start?"

"Gosh damn," says Allen, using one of his wild expressions (others are "ladd

*continued*

## DOING IT THE HARD WAY *by hoff* (GETTING RID OF DANDRUFF, THAT IS!)



### easier 3-minute way for men: FITCH

Men, get rid of embarrassing dandruff easy as 1-2-3 with FITCH! In just 3 minutes (one rubbing, one lathering, one rinsing), every trace of dandruff, grime, gummy old hair tonic goes down the drain! Your hair looks handsomer, healthier. Your scalp feels so refreshed. Use FITCH Dandruff Remover SHAMPOO every week for positive dandruff control. Keep your hair and scalp really clean, dandruff-free!



## Next to readers... we like labels best

DECE: GAN LKEECUEXER 01 11  
MR JOHN GRANT  
ESC LAKE SHORE DR  
LAKE SHORE CLUB  
CHICAGO 11 111

In addition to telling us at a glance who you are and where you live... the mailing label from your weekly copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED makes servicing your subscription a much easier, speedier job. It's the key to a folder-full of vital information, an invaluable aid in any circulation department. So, next time you write to SI (to ask a question, change your address, correct an error...) be sure to send along a label from a recent issue.

**Sports Illustrated** 340 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, ILLINOIS

## Get to the Root of Athlete's Foot

RINGWORM, OTHER FUNGUS INFECTION

## with New NP-27 Treatment

—AND THAT FUNGUS IS DEAD FOREVER!

Kills fungus under skin surface even penetrates into hair shafts. Promotes growth of healthy tissue. Guards against new infection.

Laboratory tests prove NP-27 Liquid not only works under skin surface to kill fungus where it breeds and spreads—but even penetrates into outward. Works in total under-surface skin layers where ordinary remedies cannot reach.

Using new NP-27 Liquid-Powder Treatment, doctors in two leading clinics found that

Athlete's Foot, Ringworm and other fungus infections, even stubborn cases, clear up usually within two weeks, often in less than 7 days.

As part of the Treatment, new NP-27 Medicated Powder dries the foot perspiration that helps fungus grow, eliminates surface fungus, soothes chafed skin, guards against new infections.

New NP-27 Treatment (Liquid and Medicated Powder) guarantees effective relief—or full refund from your druggist.



## The Secret of Ideal Puffing

(For beginning pipe smokers.)



Whatever you do avoid the hard pull — it's harsh on the tongue.

Don't be long-winded either. Short and easy on the draw does it.

And don't blow through your pipe to keep it lit. This spurs your evenly packed bowl and causes hot spots.

The secret? Make your smoke a succession of light, even puffs that flow as naturally as your breathing.



...the pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shrills up the mouth of the foolish.

GARDNER

## THE PIPE TOBACCO THAT STAYS LIT



Bond Street Pipe Tobacco keeps burning because of its red English cut — a combination of flakes for even burning and cubes for slower burning. You'll like its aroma of fine aromatic and aromatic tobacco.

It's a virtuous son who inherits his father's pipe.



## BOND STREET

A product of  
Philip Morris Incorporated

## MEL ALLEN

gument" and "junny cricket") "I like to fell over when they said that. I didn't want to start anytime, I told them. I was a graduate lawyer, ready to start my practice most any day. And besides, I had a job teaching speech at the university and getting \$1,800. So they said, \$45 a week, thank it over."

Mel thought it over when he got home. "I told him it was plain foolishness for a boy to go all the way through law school just to talk on the radio," says Julius Israel. "And I told him if he went he'd never come back." Neither was the elder Israel friendly to the network's suggestion that Mel change his name for, as they put it, a more euphonious sound and one not so—uh—inclusive of all the tribes. Mel answered his father that, well, he meant only to go on for a year. The experience would broaden him, he said, give him a bigger outlook on things. Oh, let the boy go, Mel's mother put in. What did it matter what he did for one year, and what did it matter what he called himself for that time? Call yourself Morgan Hall, a solicitous friend suggested, thinking of a euphoniously named building on the university campus. Or call yourself Mel Thomas, suggested Frank Thomas. So Melvior Israel, who has always liked travel and mellifluousness, picked his bags, borrowed his father's middle name and went north. He honestly meant to be home 12 months later, but he never made it.

Mel Allen began broadening his outlook by getting up in time to open the network at 6 a.m., introducing to the stirring nation organ stylings on the Mighty Wurlitzer. Three weeks later he was assigned to a sponsored nighttime show (his salary soared up to \$95 a week), and a couple of months after that he broke into sports.

A prerequisite for sports announcers is an ability to carry things along without benefit of script, and Allen demonstrated an unapproachable talent for that on his first assignment. In a day when networks paraded events from one another, CBS sent Allen aloft in a DC-3 to describe a Vanderbilt Cup race on Long Island (NBC had hoped for exclusive ground-based coverage). Circling over the course, Allen was obliged to

talk for 52 minutes, describing nothing at all because the race was being delayed by a rain shower. The race never did get away, but from then on Mel Allen's career in sports announcing was off and running.

His first full season of baseball began in the spring of 1939, when he was the No. 2 announcer after Arnh McDonald, broadcasting both for the Yankees and the New York Giants. The next season McDonald went to the Washington Senators, and Allen moved up. Allen was in the infantry from 1943 until early in 1946; in a rare burst of intelligence the Army made use of his broadcasting experience by assigning him to a public relations program. When he came back to New York he signed a contract with the Yankees (for \$17,500 then, for he's not saying how much now) and has been with the club ever since. Along the way, he has also broadcast basketball games, tennis matches, dog shows and horse races. Once he recorded the offstage voice for the game sequence in the Broadway production of *Damn Yankees*, and in a movie called *The Babe Ruth Story* Allen's voice described Ruth's then remarkable 60th home run. "The fact that I was only 14 years old when Ruth hit that homer didn't seem to faze the director," says Allen of the movie. "That gives you a rough idea of what kind of movie it was."

**I**nasmuch as Mel Allen has been doing basically the same job for more than two decades, it would be reasonable to suppose that much of his enthusiasm has faded. But for Allen, with no wife or children, no hobbies and, with the exception of popular fiction and magazines, no interests beyond sport, it isn't so. Each game he sees is a new and challenging experience. He doesn't just look at it, he lives it. "My job on *Moon*," he says, "is pleasant and it pays well, but it is not the sort of thing that keeps me in this business. I could never be just an announcer. I think I'd go back to law if I had to do that. But my work as a sportscaster, dad gummit, is a creative thing. The players on the field are the peters, and I, in a sense, am the narrator putting the things they do into a story." Allen sometimes gets so carried away by



his narration that he paws the air and gesticulates, pounds his neighbors and shifts to the edge of his seat. It is a technique that leaves him completely hushed after a game.

"In a business never known for hard work, Mel has built a reputation for hard work that makes us all uneasy," says Lindsey Nelson. "In the early days of radio it was enough for the announcer to say, 'The sky is blue, folks, and the band sounds mighty pretty, so let's listen.' Now the listeners are too sophisticated for that, and Mel spends far more time getting ready for a broadcast than he does giving it. He gives the listener everything he could ask for."

Once Mel Allen got over the idea of returning to a law practice in Alabama and accustomed his family to the same thing, he moved them all to New York in 1940. His sister has married and gone her own way, his brother works for him and his mother and father live with Mel in a \$75,000 house in Westchester County. It is a close-knit family, and everybody is fairly happy, except perhaps Mrs. Israel. She openly resents the fact that her son "never married anybody but those New York Yankees." She has seen Mel woo and abandon possible brides, and she doesn't laugh at the crack made by a friend "Here comes Mel Allen with the future Miss Jones." And she begrudges the demands made on him by his public.

"Once I thought it would be nice to go to dinner with the whole family," she said the other day. "So we go to a little out-of-the-way restaurant out near Esther's house on Long Island. No sooner do we walk in the door, than here come the kids, the minims, the poppas, the grandminims and the grandpoppas, all holding these little autograph books. Later this man gets angry because Mel says he'll have to check his appointment book before promising to make a speech to the man's club. Then this hysteric blonde tries to sit in Mel's lap. It was too much. Me, I wanted to be at home in my kitchen, eating a sandwich with Larry."

But, she is asked, would she wish her son Mel to be anything less than the success he is? Anna Israel answers with rue: "I wish he was a shoemaker. A married shoemaker."

END

# DESENEX!

compounded with undecylenic acid, a standard  
**Athlete's Foot Treatment**  
used by the **U.S. ARMY!**



## MEDICAL SCIENTISTS REPORT:

"amazing results!" "dramatic improvement!"

Probably nowhere is the control of athlete's foot more important than in the Army, Navy and Air Force, with millions of men in service. Thanks to a remarkable preparation, it no longer is the problem it once was.

The treatment (undecylenic acid) is so simple and dependable, it is now a standard Athlete's Foot Treatment used by the U.S. Armed Forces!

This Desenex treatment is also most often prescribed and recommended by physicians, for it works where others often fail. It promises new freedom from athlete's foot distress, pain and danger of spreading, as evidenced by clinical studies involving over 8200 men and women.\*

## What Desenex does

Desenex seeks out, attacks and kills not only common athlete's foot fungi, but also checks bacteria which often cause more stubborn cases. Madding it is relieved, healing rapidly promoted. Simply use Desenex (treatment) at night. Powder during day. It's guaranteed to work or money back! Desenex—at all drug counters.

\*Clinical results were described professionally as "dramatic," "immediate," even "amazing." Key facts from these studies by leading hospitals, medical schools and clinics are available to your physician or your foot specialist.

©1962, MATH Scientific, Inc. Desenex, U.S.A.

## What's the pitch?

### SI, The Sporting Word Game!



How can you win with this but actually pay no price? A winning word game called SI, The Sporting Word Game! It's the only word game that's fun for all ages. SI, The Sporting Word Game, invented by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, produced by Parker Bros., makes an attractive gift for friends and out of towners. Your own family would love it too! Just write to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Dept. 7187, 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Enclosed is the coupon for your free trial.

## budget-priced 35mm camera takes interchangeable lenses



## YASHICA PENTA-J

single lens reflex

Even at its low-low price, the Penta-J accepts a host of interchangeable wide angle and telephoto lenses—special accessories, too. Has new "TWO-WAY" finder for more accurate focusing and composing. 62 Yashica 35mm lens with semi-auto diaphragm, automatic mirror, speeds from 1/2 to 1/500th plus "B", many more features. Less than \$130. See your photo dealer for exact retail prices or write Dept. B.

YASHICA INC. 3017 South Blvd. Minneapolis 17, Minn.  
or LEXSON AMERICA, INC. 800-444-4444



LIFE PHOTOGRAPHY © C. RICHARD WELSH

## Great moments live in LIFE

Back to earth, Scott Carpenter returns to the towering mountain peaks he loved as a boy. With his own sons, he looks back to the gabled brick house that was his — and ahead to a future still filled with dreams.

This intimate moment in the life of a national hero is one you could share only in LIFE. He was on every front page and network. It still took "the LIFE touch" to bring the man home to 31,000,000 men and women.

Scott Carpenter's exclusive first-person story and his

own color pictures of a sunset in space were also part of LIFE's dramatic 13-page story. And the week before, Rene Carpenter's own story of her reactions was in the hands of LIFE readers not weeks or months but only days after the event occurred.

This is the magic of "the LIFE touch" which educated, alert, interested readers expect — and find — every week in LIFE — a great magazine of human experience.

**LIFE**

# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

He threw nine pitches in the first inning and struck out three Mets, and for more than half the game the big question was whether Sandy Koufax of Los Angeles would break the single-game strikeout record. The Dodger left-hander did not even equal the mark of 18 strikeouts, a feat achieved by only two men, including himself, since 1900. He did, however, match a performance equaled by 43 other National Leaguers since 1900—a no-hit game. Shoddy pitching by Johnny Podres, Joe Moeller and Stan Williams hurt the Dodgers. Podres failed for the ninth and 10th consecutive times to complete a game, Moeller for the 11th and 12th times; Williams gave up 10 runs in 10 innings. At home the team record was only 19-17. Philadelphia finished its best home stand in five years (9-4) and climbed to seventh. After his first complete game in nearly a year, Chris Short was asked why he was two minutes late coming to bat in the fifth inning. "I was changing my sweat shirt and the buttons kept popping every whichway." Short answered. St. Louis batters were hitting every whichway: 289 BA, 53 runs and a team high of 11 homers for the week. And there were shutouts by Cardinals Larry Jackson, Ray Sadecki and Curt Simmons. New York had neither good hitting nor good pitching. The Mets proved to be opportunists, however, scoring 10 runs on just four hits in one game. Their secret: 16 walks from the Dodgers. Milwaukee's Braves split six games, but might have done better had they not hit into so many double plays. In one game they hit into five, raising their total to 71 and putting them on course for the league record of 166 set by the 1958 Cardinals. Pittsburgh was inconsistent, losing by scores such as 4-3 and 5-0 and winning by 13-3 and 17-7, but hung on to third place. Chicago was even more erratic. The Cubs started the week by winning a doubleheader, then three days later they were shut out twice. Chicago did get four wins, two by 21-year-old Cal Koonce, who pitched the team's first complete game in 24 tries, and two by 33-year-old Bob Buhl. Interspersed were five losses, more than enough to keep Mrs. Charlie Metro, wife of the Cubs' head coach, well fed. Her husband takes her out to dinner each time the Cubs lose. Houston's Dick Farrell dined on aspens. He took nine one day to decide the pain in his side. Farrell then pitched his third straight three-hitter but for the second

time in a row lost 2-0. In all, the Colt .45s batted .207 and lost four of five. Don McMahon had one exceptionally bad day. After missing the team bus for the trip from New York to Philadelphia, he hurried to the railroad station, missed a train and had to wait an hour for the next one. That night he worked in relief and gave up a hit that beat Houston. Cincinnati Coach Pete Whisenant had somewhat the same trouble. He received a phone call in his hotel room at 12:30 p.m., urging him to rush to Candlestick Park for a 1 o'clock game. Whisenant smiled; he knew the Reds were playing a night game. Minutes later Manager Fred Hutchinson called. It wasn't a night game. As it turned out, the Reds would have been better off had they not shown up; they lost three games to the Giants. One of the Reds' defeats came when San Francisco's Ed Bailey hit a grand slam off Joey Jay, one of his partners in the J & B Oil Co. of Spencer, W. Va. Billy O'Dell and Bob Bolin each won twice as the Giants took over first place.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

He began his career as a catcher, but when he broke his left hand he pitched batting practice to stay in shape. Since then Earl Wilson of Boston has always been a pitcher. His closest link with Sandy Koufax was the obscure fact that he was born in the same year, 89 days before the Dodger pitcher took in 1935. Last week, four days before Koufax pitched his no-hitter, Wilson became the



**PITCHERS** Earl Wilson of Red Sox, Sandy Koufax of Dodgers threw no hitters, first time two were hurled in one week since June 1938.

52nd American Leaguer to pitch a no-hit game. Lou Clinton and Gary Geiger each hit three homers, and Bill Monthauette pitched a four-hitter and a five-hitter as the Red Sox won five of seven. New York had the same record. The Yankees won the longest game ever played (seven hours) when Jack Reed hit a home run in the 22nd inning against the Tigers. Reed had the bunt swing on the first pitch but was allowed to swing away at the second. Two days later the Tigers lost under similar circumstances. It was the 12th inning and Cleveland's Al Llopwood noticed that the bunt sign was off. He faked a bunt on the next pitch, took a short backswing and hit a two-run homer. Catcher John Romano was braced on the head, collarbone and both legs by foul balls in one game, but Manager Mel McGaha was even more concerned that his team lost five of seven. Kansas City's Dick Howser was more badly hurt; he suffered a broken bone in his hand. His replacement, former Angel Billy Consolo, had seven hits in his first 12 at bats. Chicago did not even average that many hits a game. The White Sox did score 19 runs, all after two were out, and won three games. Although Detroit went 31 innings without scoring, the Tigers, mostly thanks to shutouts by Jim Bunning, Paul Foytack and Hank Aguirre, split eight games. Rocky Colavito's 412 hitting and 10 RBIs also helped. There were 11 shutouts in the AL, with Baltimore's Milt Pappas and Steve Barber each getting one. Chuck Estrada, however, was on the wrong end of a shutout for the fifth time, losing 1-0.

Los Angeles (see page 16) won games with home runs, sacrifice flies, hitting splurges and good relief, and stayed in the pennant light. Poor relief work cost Minnesota four games. Camilo Pascual shut out the Yankees, but that win was drowned in six losses. Washington played tight ball, and although the Senators lost four of seven, they never finished more than three runs behind. Tame pitching by Claude Osteen (22), Steve Hartung (25), Tom Cheney (27) and Dave Stenhouse (28) enabled the Senators to cut their team ERA from 5.96 to 4.19 in eight weeks. This did not bring many victories, but it gave the Senators a youthful, if last-place, appearance.

## TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING

AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Club	Wins	IP	SO	WHIP
Cle. Derosa	120	Latman	50	18.5
NY Terry	120	Terry	87	Terry
LA Mulholland	395	Bellevue	89	Gola
Min. Pascual	120	Pascual	102	Pascual
Bos. Colavito	327	Colavito	88	Pappas
Cal. Bunning	127	Bunning	82	Pappas
Chi. Niekirk	127	Peters	69	Burkehill
Bos. Conley	123	Conley	76	Monthauette
KC. Rakon	124	Rakon	71	Walker
Wash. Stenhouse	98	Cheney	47	2 with
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
St. Marchal	147	O'Dell	95	Monthauette
LA Koufax	150	Koufax	284	2 with
Phi. Foytack	124	Foytack	72	Foytack
St. Gribble	117	Gribble	100	Jackson
Chi. Pappas	116	O'Toole	75	2 with
Md. Shaw	125	Shaw	71	Burdette
Phi. Mahaffey	120	Mahaffey	75	Mahaffey
Bro. Johnson	104	Foytack	89	Johnson
Ch. Stenhouse	113	Stenhouse	35	Cheney
NY Jackson	160	Jackson	45	Week

Record statistics through Saturday, June 30



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## LARRY DUBE

Sirs:

Boy, that Jack Nicklaus is really great, isn't he? Yes sure! He beat Arnold Palmer in winning his first professional tournament and so now he has become a "superstar," a "wonder man of golf," and "one of the most extraordinarily gifted players of the post-Hogan generation," according to your sensational Alfred Wright (*That Big Strong Dude*, June 25).

Certainly it takes a fine golfer to beat Palmer, but let's not go overboard in our lavish praises I mean Jack Nicklaus had a good weekend and all that, but are we going to put him in a class with Arnold Palmer already? Sheesh!!

Alfred Wright is obviously not to be taken seriously, but I'm still having my name changed

JACK WRIGHT

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

I liked your well-illustrated story about the National Open victory of Jack Nicklaus—with one exception. It does not seem right that Jack should have been called "Dude."

E. J. CRANE

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

As an American I have to wonder what reflection it will have on President Kennedy's physical fitness program when a rather plump fellow like Jack Nicklaus can most decidedly defeat a slim, trim athlete such as Arnie Palmer

J. J. ALPHONSE MERSWICZ

Scranton, Pa.

Sirs:

He ought to be called "Terce" Nicklaus. (To save you looking it up, *terce* is bakers' parlance for "sub of land.") And you can have him. He addresses every shot as though it were taking a major effort of will to strike the ball, at long last. Though thoroughly sickened by sportswriters' hysterical adulation of Palmer, one can still find pleasure in watching Arnie play, even when he is "off."

W. C. FAIRCHILD

Oakland, Calif.

## TURNING WORMS

Sirs:

I am personally fed up with golfers who claim that a leaf crashing heavily to the sand or an earthworm turning over in his hole ruined their concentration. A prime example took place in the National Open when a good golfer by the name of Palmer became involved in such alibi-making.

Can't you just imagine Stan Mussal refusing to step into the batter's box in the ninth inning of a tied World Series game until the crowd was hushed, or Bob Pettit stubbornly waiting to shoot a free throw in the NBA championship game until the photographers had quit snapping pictures? These things are a part of life, and if the golfers find them so overwhelming perhaps they should consider a change in vocation. Or better yet, why don't they just stop making excuses and start being honest?

Baseball calls its mistakes errors, football calls them fumbles and tennis calls them faults. Why can't professional golfers be men and call a goof a goof?

ROBERT L. WALLER

Pana, Ill.

## ON BENDED LINE

Sirs:

I'm getting sick and tired of having sailing instructors, landlocked mariners and now experienced yachtsmen promote the malicious myth that the boy scouts' square knot is a proper device for fastening two lines (ropes to you) together (*Part IV, Better*



CARRICK BEND

*Bowline*, June 25). Its very name belies this. Lines are bent together, not knotted, hence any device designed to do the job is called a bend. To do it properly the bend must hold fast without binding, must never shake free and yet be easy to unfasten. Only the carrick bend (see above) fulfills all these conditions. The square knot, which is more properly called the reef knot, fulfills none of them. It is correctly used only to put in reefs or to shoelaces (That's right, the "bow" in your shoe is nothing but a double-shipped reef knot.)

JOHN SANDERSON

New York City

Sirs:

"Six knots are all you need." I doubt that I do not think anyone who is much around sailboats would be happy unless he

could tie a few more than the six knots you give in your article.

There are at least seven more knots essential to "better boating".

Carrick bend, necessary in joining two heavy ropes.

Bowline on a bight, essential in lowering a mast.

Timber and half hitch, essential in towing a spar.

Strangle knot, essential in putting a quick whipping on the end of a rope.

Sheepshank, very necessary in quickly and temporarily taking the strain off a weakened portion of a rope.

Running bowline, commonly used to snag things over the side.

Figure eight, important in keeping a rope from unravelling until a whipping can be put on. Never an overhand knot.

RANDOLPH W. BANNER

Orange, Calif.

## WESTWARD HO

Sirs:

I have long been waiting for an article describing the wonderful National League team we have here in Los Angeles, and William Leggett has done a magnificent job in creating one (*A's Snafu Set Sprays to the Top*, June 25).

JACK COOPER

Glendale, Calif.

Sirs:

Every other issue of your magazine devotes page after page to praise of either the Giants, Dodgers or whoever wins five games in a row in the National League. After my Cleveland Indians swept a four-game series from the mighty Yanks and moved three games ahead in first place, only a few lines. Let's let the sports fan know about the surprise team of '62—the Cleveland Indians.

JOEL NEEDLE

Lorain, Ohio

Sirs:

For a good sports magazine you sure have some dumb readers. William C. Lavery (19th Hole, April 23), probably figuring that 10 managers are 10 times better than one, said that he will bet a two-year subscription to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* that the Chicago Cubs will finish at least fourth. I'd sure like to take that bet, because right now the Chicago Cubs are fighting to stay out of the cellar.

Then Dick Erickson and Peter Applebom (19th Hole, June 18), both evidently hypnotized by San Francisco Fever, state that San Francisco will not only take the pennant, but win the World Series, pointing out that

continued



## When an electric shave is right, it's all wet.

The wet electric shave is the new way to shave closer, faster, more comfortably with an electric shaver.

And the way to get a *perfect* wet electric shave is with Yardley's famous Pre-Electric Shaving Lotion.

It conditions your skin for an electric shaver the way lather and water sets it up for a razor blade. All you do is slosh on Pre-Electric and keep add-

ing as much lotion as necessary. The wetter the face, the better the shave.

With Yardley Pre-Electric you help reduce excess skin oils and eliminate razor clog-up. You get an easy glide without friction or irritation.

You won't know how great a shave can be until you've tried the Yardley wet electric shave.

Better take the plunge.

### 19TH HOLE

the Dodgers lost two while San Francisco was winning three. Well, William Leggett hit the nail on the head, for it is the Dodgers who will win the pennant in the National League.

BYRON TRIST

North Hollywood

### HELEN HIGHWATER

Sirs,

I particularly enjoyed your article on the St. Johns River (*Sassa Buns Among the Hi-waters*, June 25). About 15 years ago a group of us in four inboard speedboats portaged from Coosa to Lake Helen—and ran down the St. Johns to Jacksonville. It was a beautiful and interesting trip.

Incidentally, the lake's name may be "Helen" officially—but back then it was known as Hell 'n' Blazes, and still is by Floridians.

NADIA L. SCHELL

Jacksonville

Sirs,

Photographer Richard Meek did a magnificent job.

SEEN GUSTAVSON

Medfield, Mass.

### EXCELSCORE

Sirs,

My father, Loyal F. Payne, an avid trackman who recently celebrated his 50th class reunion at Oklahoma State University, has made an interesting comparative chart of performances in his day and now. Although the world and U.S. records are easily obtainable, the comparison of more average athletics is not so apparent. Dad has compared the 1912 class with the 1962 Big Eight conference meet and the Kansas Interscholastic meet and discovered that the high school youth of today could the college athlete of 50 years ago in every event except the 100-yard dash. In five events Class A (enrollment 150 to 474) high schools better Class AA (over 475 students).

The opinion of several qualified educators Dad consulted was that youth has progressed as much mentally as physically. They attributed the higher, wider and faster feats to better training and equipment, finer coaching, more adequate nutrition, keener competition, more competition and more interest. I would add to these the fact that my father and his brothers worked their way through college as did many of their contemporaries. This is certainly no longer necessary. Also the interest of the nonparticipating in almost all sports has increased tremendously.

Just imagine what the comparison of these records to those of 2012 A.D. will be! Every boy an astronaut.

MRS. JACK NUTTER

Newark, Ohio

Vodka 80 Proof. Dist. from 100% Grain. Gilbey's Dist. London Dry Gin, 90 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Cn. . O. Distr. by Nat'l Dist. Prod. Co.



*Proxima, on the Italian Riviera, as interpreted by artist Arthur Boyer*

"The World Agrees On 'Gilbey's, please!'" because this smooth, dry, flavorful gin makes a world of difference in a drink. Taste why the frosty-bottle gin is a favorite in America and throughout the world. And remember...GILBEY'S is the best name in Gin and Vodka.

# Gilbey's Gin

This is tobacco too mild to filter. This is pleasure too good to miss. This is **CHESTERFIELD KING**



**21 GREAT TOBACCOS<sup>made</sup> 20 WONDERFUL SMOKES**